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1. Chain of sound doctrine
 2. Pure Theology
 3. State of Sinners
 4. Joy of believers
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AC No. 2683

c.2

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

DESIGNED FOR THE USE

OF

CHRISTIANS.

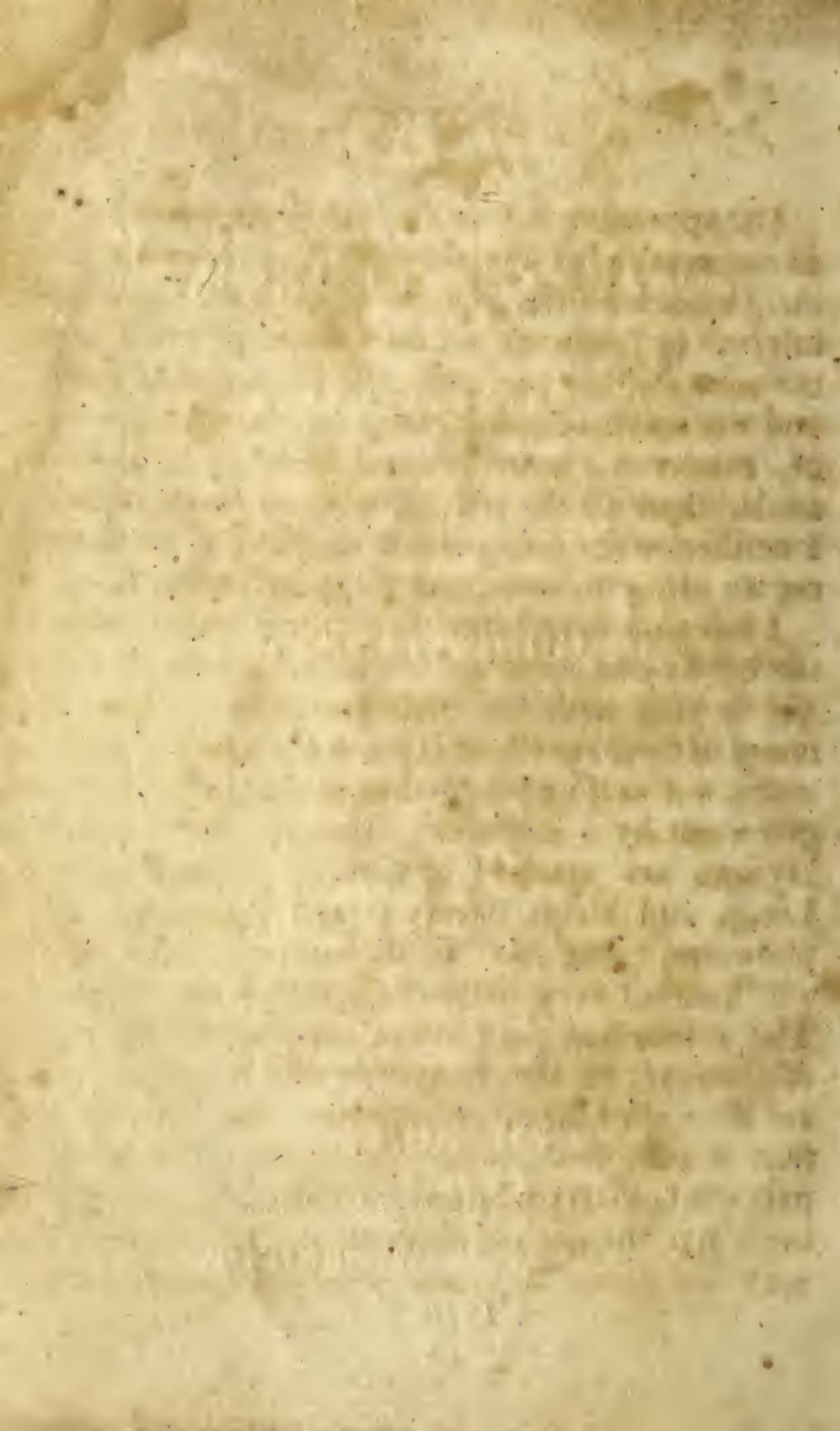
BY JAMES O'KELLY.

RALEIGH :

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APOLOGY.

IN appearing before the public as a poet, I feel an impression to apologize. I am very far from the character of a *radical* born poet. As also inferior in language to the *celebrated* critic ; yet the purity of my intention, the plainness of *speech*, and the spirit of *truth*, may be, and I hope will be, rendered a more general blessing to precious souls, than all the refined wisdom of this world ! I neither write nor preach myself : I am taught not to glory in men, but to glory in the Lord.

I have observed that the grand productions of the celebrated poets are too high for common people to sing with the understanding. Moreover, many of their excellent Hymns are fitted to broken *metre*, not well understood in congregations, when given out by a minister ; whereas, the following Hymns are marked generally, with Common, Long, and Short Metre ; with language more plain and common. In these Hymns the reader will find but very little doggerel or tag rhyme.—The author has paid attention to a consistent line of doctrine, as also to syntax and termination ;—but after all, I discover imperfections : and let him that is pure from error, exclaim ! But a small part of these Hymns are radically of my composing ; but the author requests the reader not to be very *solicitous* to know who composed such a

hymn, song or verse ; but if he finds any thing edifying or quickening, give, as is justly due, the glory to God.

The author, (or rather the compiler) cordially hopes that these Hymns may profit the reader, as well as those who sing ; by reason, here he may read in *verse* as well as *prose*, the character and situation of the thoughtless sinner, the charmed *penitent*, and the rejoicing believer. Here the *use* of the law is clearly shown, as also the blessings of the glorious gospel. By these two brilliant essential points, the world is convinced of sin, righteousness, and judgment ! In this divine system, we view the wisdom, the *beauty*, and unity of the *Old* and *New*-Testaments, with their regular dependence or co-operation one *with* the other. The *ethicks*, or moral law, is closely concealed with the order of the New-Testament ; which consists in ‘the Word of God, and testimony of Jesus Christ.’ I admit that the holy Psalms are the most perfect, as being wrote by inspired men ; but, in general they are not so well adapted to the gospel church, as the former. I say in the general. What is a Psalm but a Holy Song ? What is a Hymn but a Song of Prayer, Praise, or Adoration to the Most High ! Therefore, let those who sing, observe the divine rule, viz. Sing with the spirit and understanding ; singing to the Lord, Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs.—Eph. 5.

There are a few Hymns in this collection relative to the divinity of the glorious Redeemer ; of the which, the author *solicits* the reader to give the subject a fair investigation before he draws a final decision.

What I have said respecting *mine* adorably King and Master, the Prophets and Apostles have abundantly proved. The learned rulers in the Greek Church, who are best acquainted with the Apostles *Greek* Testament, say ‘God our divine Saviour, Jesus Christ the Word, the Word of Life, the Eternal Religion of the Saviour God.’

THE AUTHOR.

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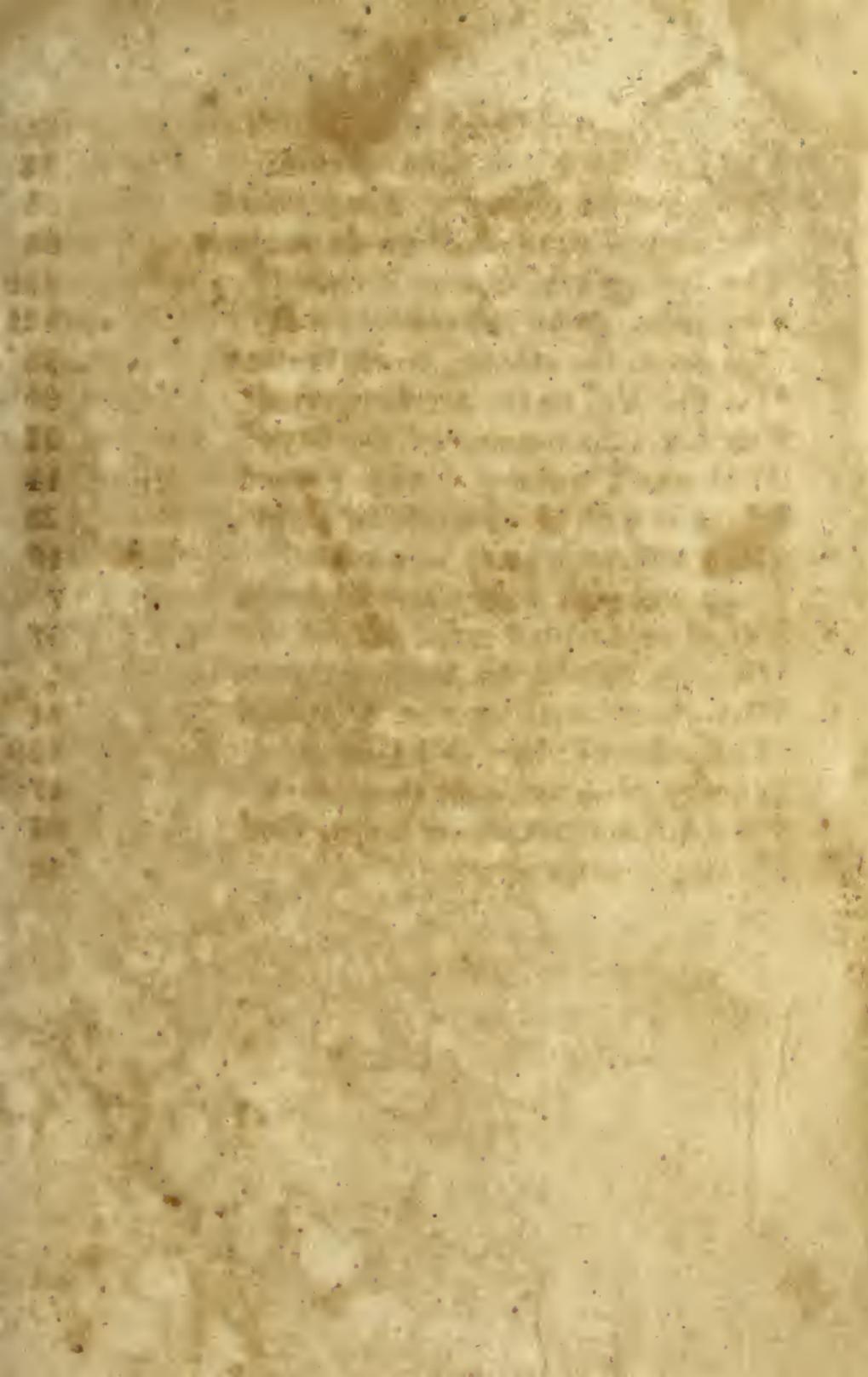
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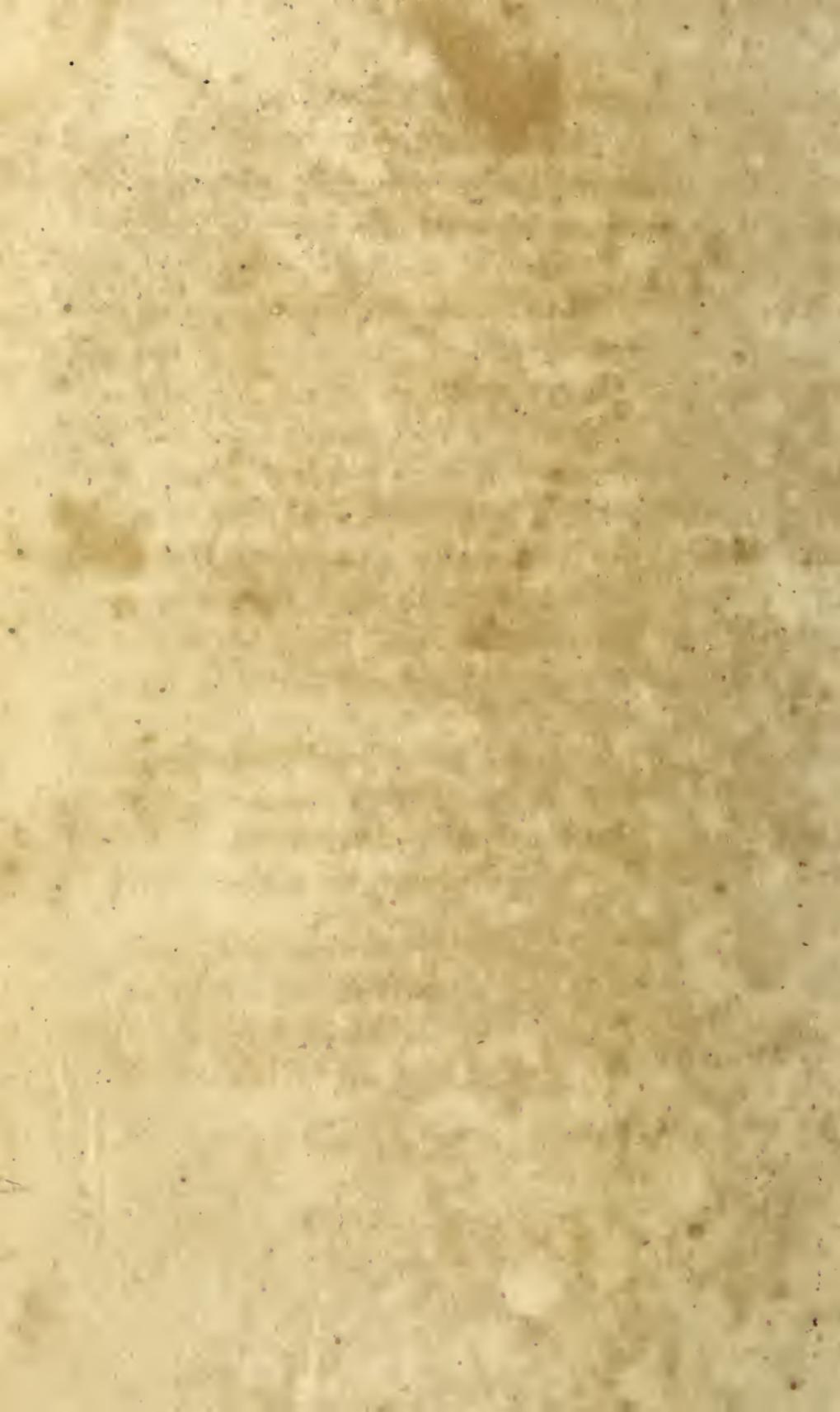
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HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Glorious views beyond the grave.

1. If God shall let me longer stay,
His precious truths I'll spread ;
And if he takes my life away,
I'll praise him, tho' I'm dead.
2. My soul shall see his glorious face,
With pure *celestial* eyes,
Be fill'd with all his glorious grace,
Where brethren never dies.
3. 'Tis there we'll drink unmingle joys,
Where all is love and peace ;
And feed on food that never cloys,
For worlds of glorious grace.
4. In sweet obedience all shall move,
And render perfect praise ;
We the dear people of his love,
And He our God of Grace !

B

5. Jesus the God of truth and love,
His promise he'll fulfil ;
And we his joyful sons above,
Delight to do his will.

6. Our hidden life use there shall find,
With Christ in God the same ;
The God in man forever join'd,
And JESUS is his NAME !

HYMN 2. C. M.

Delightful Visions !

BEHOLD how perfect spirits shine,
Array'd in spotless white ;
As just emerging out of time,
No more the sons of night.

2. From grief and wo, to joys divine,
The promis'd bliss to prove ;
Wash'd in the Saviour's blood they shine,
And feel the depths of love.

3. See, they approach Jehovah's throne,
And love before his face,
He bids them welcome, welcome home,
To stores of richest grace.

4. Distress forever now must flee,
Confusion, sin, and strife ;
Just in the midst, there grows a tree,
They call "The tree of life."

5. No night is there, but endless day,
New glories constant rise ;
The loving LAMB, shall wipe away
The tears from all their eyes,

HYMN 3. C. M.

A surrender to Christ.

BEHOLD thy waiting people Lord,
Thy gracious pow'r to feel ;
To feed upon thy blessed word,
And learn to do thy will.

2. Great Lord, to whom we all belong.
My Lord, thy right assert ;
And take up every thankful song,
And every humble heart.

3. We must my Lord, we are thine own
Who bought us with a price ;
The christian lives to Christ alone,
And in the Lord he dies.

4. Our humble thanks my Lord receive,
With every heart's desire,
Let grace prepare us well to live,
And in thy cause expire.

5. Our souls and bodies we resign,
As all belongs to thee ;
We're not our own, O Lord, but thine,
To all eternity !

HYMN 4. S. M.

Humble Suppliant.

LORD, I'm ashamed to say
How I've refus'd thy grace,
And twin'd my wretched heart away
From thine inviting face.

2. Not all thy lovely charms,
Nor terrors of thy hand,
Could move me to lay down my arms,
Nor love to thy command.

3. O strive again with me,
Nor turn away thy face ;
My soul is longing now for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

4. Lord shall I never feel,
The meltings of thy love?
Am I transformed to harden'd steel,
That mercy cannot move?

5. But, O I feel impressed,
With groans to see thy face,
My weary spirit longs for rest,
And sinks beneath thy grace.

6. Here at thy feet I fall,
Beneath thy cross I lie;
Here let me into nothing fall,
And weep, and love, and die.

HYMN 5. C. M.

Sincere Worship.

WHO can behold the blazing throne

Where King Emmanuel sits,

Who claims creation for his own,

Tho' all beneath his feet ?

2. A word from his Almighty breath,
Can calm the wind and seas ;

He's King of Heaven, and Lord of fear,
And doth what e'er he please.

3. Adoring Angels round him fall
In all their glittering show ;

His gracious eye looks thro' them all,
And visits man below.

4. With pity views the human race,
In sweet compassion move ;

He calls us to accept his grace,
And tells us God is love !

5. O fly to me and be secure,
I'll wash away thy sin ;

The flaming law will frown no more,
Then you'll have peace within.

6. "Submit to me, and let me reign,
And sway you as I will ;

Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,
I'll be your Saviour still."

7. No more my restless passion rise,
 No more my soul complain,
 My rest remains above the skies,
 Then life or death is gain !

HYMN 6. C. M.

God is seen in his Works.

JEHOVAH thro' creation shines,
 Ten thousand wonders rise !
 By day and night we see the signs,
 Thro' earth, and thro' the skies.

2. Revolving years proclaim his pow'r,
 As well as speak his skill ;
 And every day, and every hour,
 We view his mercy still.

3. The marks of our Creator stands,
 As with a diamond writ ;
 They show the labour of his hands ;
 His works are all complete.

4. But, when we view his deep design,
 To save rebellious worms,
 There justice, love and mercy join,
 In all their glorious forms !

5. Here thoughts are lost in silent awe,
 We wonder, and adore ;
 The blessed Angels never saw
 So much of God before !

6. But when we taste the Saviour's love,
And feel the rapture strong,
We wonder, can the harps above
Aim at a sweeter song.

HYMN 8. C. M.

Harmonious praises.

UNITE and join your cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
Yet all their joys are one.

2. This is the way the church should strive,
In harmony below ;
As members of one body live,
One Lord and Master know.

3. Worthy the Lamb the Angels cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Amen, amen, the saints reply,
For he was slain for us.

4. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
Yea, more than heaven and earth can give,
Be Lord forever thine !

5. Assist us, all above the sky,
On earth and on the seas ;
Unite, and raise his honors high,
In hymns of endless praise,

6. Let christians all unite in one,
T' extol that sacred name,
The Lord Jehovah on his throne,
The God and Christ the Lamb.

HYMN 8. C. M.

Covenant Seals.

1. TO gracious cov'nants stands a seal,
As binding on each part ;
So God to Abram did reveal,
While joy flow'd through his heart.
2. The bloody seal in former days,
Laid on a heavy yoke ;
But Jesus orders milder ways,
Since he the bondage broke.
3. Should parents hold their babes from God,
Will he not be displeas'd ;
Since for their souls he shed his blood,
From Adam's guilt releas'd.
4. Your seed is sprinkled with the blood,
For Adam's souls was shed ;
Your babes we set apart for God,
Thro' Christ their living head.
5. Come tender mothers faint and weak,
With angels in your arms ;
O see them cling around your neck,
With all their infant charms.

6. Behold, (said John) the Lamb of God,
Who clear'd their souls from sin ;
Believe for them in Jesu's blood,
And bring his purchase in.

HYMN 9. C. M.

Praise to the Saviour.

JESUS, with all the bless'd above,
I beg to bear some part ;
To praise the God of truth and love,
And sing his bleeding heart.

2. Eternal thanks to God on high,
Who bought me with his blood,
I was the wretch condem'd to die,
But in the gap he stood.

3. That heavenly friend who rescu'd me
From satan's grievous chains,
To him eternal glory be,
While God himself remains.

4. Hosanna to the exalted Lamb,
Honor and thanks and praise ;
My Lord how precious is thy name,
How glorious is thy grace !

5. From earthly joys call off my love,
And fix my heart aright ;
Inspire my soul to things above
No more to walk by sight,

6. Vain world, I say, your suit forbear,
Through grace I you defy ;
I rate my precious soul too dear,
For all your wealth to buy !

7. Whisper no more within mine ear,
Nor tempt my soul anew,
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with Christ for you !

HYMN 10. L. M.

Revealed Wisdom.

UNITE and sing ye chosen race,
Who knows the wisdom from above,
Who feel the effects of Jesu's grace,
Whose faith doth sweetly work by love.

2. The ways of God are paths of peace,
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
For wisdom's ways are pleasantness,
There's nought on earth compar'd to her.

3. Happy the man who wisdom gains,
He owns, and will forever own,
In whose obedient heart she reigns
That wisdom, God and Christ are one,

4. To know I love the Lord alone,
With inward joy and heavenly bliss,

To know I'm chosen for his own,
O what a happiness is this !

5. Increase in me that teaching grace,
To know my God tho' but in part,
To view thy reconciled face,
And feel thy nature in my heart.

6. My God in Christ is reconcil'd,
From whence I taste the joys of heaven,
He owns me his adopted child,
Through Jesu's blood I am forgiven.

HYMN 11. C. M.

Submission.

WHY should a living man complain,
Altho' distress'd within,
Since all his sorrow grief and pain,
Is but the effect of sin ?

2. O may I patiently endure,
Nor ever dare repine ;
Grace can effect a perfect cure,
In wisdom's gracious time.

3. What tho' ten thousand billows rise,
And dash against my soul,
One trouble to another cries,
And stormy surges roll :

4. Sometimes I hope, and then I fear ;
And thus my soul is lost,

Sometimes I'm ready to despair,
And give up all for lost :

5. Yet thro' those gloomy clouds I look
Up tow'r'd my gracious God,
Ah, then I feel the solid rock,
Nor fear the threat'ning flood !

6. One smile from my dear master's face,
Can set my heart at ease ;
One word from his commanding grace,
Can still the boisterous seas.

HYMN 12. C. M.

Living by faith.

SINCE I have plac'd my trust in God,
A refuge always nigh,
Why should I like a timorous bird,
To distant mountains fly ?

2. Since I have ~~faith~~ in Christ my head,
A refuge for my soul,
Why should my timorous spirit dread,
Tho' threat'ning billows roll !

3. Let sinners dread, who have no God,
The wrath that is to come ;
But those who trust th' eternal word,
Shall force their passage home.

4. The ground of all my joy be this,
A conscience *pure* within,
That in sincere and godly bliss,
My christian life hath been,

5. The Lord Jehovah is my friend,
My shepherd and my guide ;
He loves the faithful to the end,
Whose feet shall never slide.

HYMN 13. C. M.

New Jerusalem.

OPEN the gate, the temple gate,
That we may enter in ;
'Tis here the dear disciples wait,
To worship pray and sing.

2. Here is the sure foundation stone,
Which God in zion laid,
To build his glorious church upon,
Tho' earth and hell invade !

3. Jesus the rock to christian's dear,
Let saints adore the name ;
We'll trust our whole salvation here
Nor shall we suffer shame.

4. Altho' the gates of hell oppose,
The christian church will rise ;

This worthy name the spirit choose,
Reveal'd it from the skies.

5. Now let our hearts have inward joy,
And never yield to shame ;
Because we love the Saviour's law,
And glory in his name.
 6. Let all the learned prelates join
To form the church a book,
But, Lord, when once compar'd to thine,
How dull their writings look :
 7. Yet men will try to act like God,
Yea, mend the plan divine ;
And thus they wrest the sacred word,
To suit their own design !
-

HYMN 14. C. M.

The Lord doth great works !

THAT was a wonder working word
That did creation raise ;

The angels shouted round their Lord,
Admir'd, and sung his praise !

2. The dark, the dull, and shapeless clod,
Obey'd the great command ;
“Let there be light,” and light there was,
And shone around the land !
3. Behold the heavens, the earth and seas,
The glorious word obey'd ;

He spake, and rais'd the plants and trees,
Then lo ! the man was made.

4. Hail happy man, a Lord of all,
But O, how soon defac'd ;
Ah, how he's altered since the fall,
And ruin'd all his race.

5. Tho' self-destroy'd great God we are,
Yet thou canst all things do,
Our losses thou canst soon repair,
And form our souls anew.

HYMN 15. C. M.

The Lord is my portion.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all ;
I've none like thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2. What empty things are sensual toys
Or all this earthly clod,
There's nothing here deserve my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3. The glorious bright, the burning sun
Displays his friendly light,
But thy sweet beams create my noon,
When they withdraw 'tis night.

4. How vain a toy is glit'ring wealth
 When once compar'd to thee,
 Or what's my safety, or my health,
 Or all the world to me ?
5. Were I possessor of the earth,
 And call'd the stars mine own,
 Without thy presence and thyself,
 I'd be a wretch forlorn !
6. Let others stretch their arms like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore,
 Grant me the power thyself to please,
 And I will ask no more.
7. Let worldlings grasp, and gather all,
 Yea, drain this lifeless clod ;
 When I awake at Gabriel's call,
 May I be like my God !

HYMN 16. L. M.

Disciples were called Christians.

LET Zion bear her masters name,
 Eternal glory be her aim ;
 Resolv'd to press thro' every wo,
 And let these earthly pleasures go.

2. The road's prepar'd, we need not stray,
 Christ is the truth, the life the way ;

The spirit be our constant guide,
And Christ shall keep us near his side.

3. Along this path the word doth shine,
The light it yields is all divine ;
His equal laws are just and pure,
His holy statutes right and sure.

4. His mandates tend to give us light,
His judgments yield a pure delight ;
He shows on earth our sins forgiv'n,
And intercedes for us in heaven.

5. Then hasten Lord that welcome day,
O come Lord Jesus, come away ;
Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pay'd with love !

HYMN 17. C. M.

Jesus loves his saints.

THE royal son of David's line,
Is zion's priest, and king ;
He represents himself the vine,
And saints are grafted in.

2. The living church is Jesu's bride,
And he her God and friend ;
If she proves faithful by his side,
He'll save her to the end.

3. He sooths her sorrows, cheers her mind,
And heals her grief and pains,
Then with his arm, both strong and kind,
Her drooping head sustains.
4. By his example may we move,
Who join in hand and heart ;
Obey the truth, and live in love,
Till we are call'd to part.
5. Then up to Heaven the souls shall rise,
Who walk'd in truth below,
Unite again above the skies,
Where joys immortal grow.
-

HYMN 18. C. M.

In the world ye shall see sorrow.

HOW long shall death the tyrant reign,
To rend and tear the just ;
How long the blood of martyrs slain,
Lie mingled with the dust ?

2. When shall his world of trouble end,
When will our Lord appear ?
We view him now a distant friend,
But long to see him near !
3. By faith we rise and climb the hills,
Up tow'r'd our native sky,

How distant are thy chariot wheels,
And yet how swift they fly !

4. I realize the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears ;
How the immortal morning spreads
And blushes round the spheres.

5. Behold the awful Judge is come,
With flaming armies round ;
The sky divides to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

6. Attend the sound, ye dead arise,
The earth and seas obey ;
The happy saints with joyful eyes
Salute the welcome day.

7. They leave the ground and on the wing,
Go shouting thro' the air ;
With joy and gladness meet their King,
Adore and worship there.

8. Shall I among the blessed stand,
Array'd in glorious light ;
And take my place at God's right hand,
In infinite delight ?

HYMN 19. C. M.

A gracious deliverance.

IN my distress I pray'd the Lord,

To hear my mournful cry,
He saw me hoping in his word,
Nor suffer'd me to die.

2. He rais'd me from the horrid pit,
Near where I trembling lay,
And from my bonds he loos'd my feet,
And pointed out my way.

3. Firm on a rock, he bid me stand,
Then loos'd my stammering tongue,
To praise his strong and mighty hand,
In a new spiritual song.

4. Now will I spread his fame abroad,
That christians love to hear,
Let them unite to praise their God,
Rejoice with holy fear !

5. Then speak my Lord, lo I am here,
Submissive to thy will ;
Whate'er thy sacred word delare,
By grace will I fulfil.

6. My ears are open with delight
To hear what thou'll impart ;
Thy laws are ever in my sight,
They're written in my heart.

HYMN 20. C. M.

Longing for Eternal Rest.

MY soul through various trials toss'd,
What troubles me attend ;
My expectations often cross'd,
When will my sorrows end ?

2. Tired myself, I lay me down,
And upward cast mine eye,
Upward my Father to thy throne,
And to my native sky.

3. There the dear man, my Saviour sits,
My God how bright he shines ;
And scatters beams of pure delight
On all their happy minds.

4. Adoring spirits round him stand,
Then at his feet they fall ;
The Godhead shining thro' the man,
And God is all in all !

5. O what amazing joys they feel,
Who dwell so near their king ;
They dwell on zion's sacred hill,
And lo, for joy they sing !

6. When shall that bless'd hour appear
That I shall dwell above,
To sing and shout among them there,
Where all is peace and love ?

HYMN 21. Beggar's tune.

The Midnight Call.

YE virgin souls arise,
 With all the world awake ;
 Be ready and be wise,
 Oil in your vessels take,
 Attend and hear the midnight cry,
 Attend and hear the midnight cry,
 The herald calls, the bridegroom's nigh.

2. The world must hear the call,
 And stand at Jesu's bar ;
 Come hither great and small,
 Your final doom to hear ;
 Make ready now for your reward,
 Make ready, &c.
 Go forth to meet the glorious Lord !
3. Ye that his grace reclin'd,
 And wisely have improv'd
 By prayer and watching liv'd,
 Obedient to his word ;
 Now trim your lamps and come with me,
 Now trim, &c.
 The Master's come and calls for thee.
4. Bless'd are the pure in heart,
 They now his face shall see,
 No more with him to part

Thrice happy they shall be :
He takes them in, and shuts the door,
He takes them in, &c.
He wipes their eyes—they weep no more !

HYMN 22. C. M.

Views of Heaven.

THERE is a glorious world of light
Where saints and angels reign,
Eternal day exclude the night,
And pleasure banish pain.

2. There one eternal spring abides,
And never withering flowers,
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This glorious world from ours.

3. Beyond this world of grief and wo,
I realize delight ;
And when from flesh my soul shall go,
My faith shall end in sight.

4. Shall christians fear, yea start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
Why should we tremble on the brink,
And dread to launch away !

5. O wou'd the Lord these doubts remove,
And make our conscience clear,
Produce in us that perfect love
That casts out every fear.

HYMN 23. L. M.

One thing needful.

MARTHA her love and joy express'd,
 With care to entertain her guest ;
 While Mary sat to hear her Lord,
 And could not bear to lose a word.

2. Though principles in both the same,
 Produc'd in each a different aim ;
 Martha to feast her Lord was led,
 While Mary waited to be fed.

3. Ah, Mary choose the better part,
 Her master's words reviv'd her heart,
 While busy Martha fretful grew,
 She lost her time and patience too.

4. How oft are we like Martha vex'd,
 Encumber'd, horrid and perplex'd ;
 While many things not worth a thought,
 The one thing needful oft forgot.

5. Let grovelling souls the world admire,
 The better part do I desire ;
 The glories of this world resign,
 The one thing needful Lord be mine.

—
HYMN 24. L. M.*See the way to rest.*

JESUS my all to glory's gone :

Jesus I fix my hopes upon ;
If he'll support me by his grace
I'll urge my way to see his face.

2. The way the former christians went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's high way of holiness !
The pleasant path of joy and peace.

3. This is the way I long had sought;
And mourn'd because I found it not,
I sought it wrong, I plainly saw,
I hop'd for mercy by the law.

4. My fruitless toil I then gave o'er,
With fearful thoughts to try no more !
At length I heard the Saviour say,
Come hither soul—I am the way.

5. With haste I fled from Sinai's flame,
And cast my soul on Jesu's name ;
I felt the virtue of his blood,
By him I found the way to God.

6. Now I can tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found.
I'll point to his redeeming blood,
And say behold the way to God.

HYMN 25. C. M.

Gospel news.

MORTALS awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Let love and gratitude combine
To hail the expected day.

2. In heaven the rapturous song began,
Which rais'd celestial fire,
Thro' all the shining hostist ran,
On every golden lyre !

3. Swift as a tho't the tiding flew,
And loud the *echo* roll'd,
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
And more than heaven cou'd hold !

4. Down thro' the portals of the sky
The joyful tidings ran ;
Bright angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man !

5. Wrap'd in the gloomy shades of night
Lay all the eastern world,
While bursting joys of heavenly light
The glorious scene unfurl'd !

6. The heavenly host began to shout,
A new redemption song ;

Good will to man, the world throughout,
Go spread the news along.

7. With joy the chorus we'll repeat
Glory to God on high ;
He's now upon his mercy seat
And lays his thunder by !

HYMN 26. L. M.

Angel's song—TUNE THE ARDENT FLAME.

KINDLE in me a sacred flame,
That I may glory in thy name :
Thy nature all divine impart
Revive thy feelings in my heart.

2. May I not yield to mortal love,
And chill these flames that's from above,
But let my eager passions rise
To God and Christ above the skies.

3. Jesus alone do I approve,
The noblest object of my love ;
I view my Lord exalted high,
I ask nor will he me deny.

4. May time nor distance never part
His dear remembrance from my heart,
O love divine to thee I fly,
If thou withdraw, I pine, I die.

5. As dust to dust doth always tend,
 And fire its sparks doth upward send,
 My spirit waits to drop this clod,
 My life is hid with Christ in God !

HYMN 27. L. M.—NEW 100 TUNE.

Man a mystery.

LORD what is man, extremes how wide,
 In this mysterious nature join,
 His flesh and soul must soon divide,
 The flesh corrupt, the soul divine.

2. Divine at first, a holy flame,
 As kindled by the Almighty breath,
 Polluted soon, the soul became
 The seat of darkness, and of death.

3. But Jesus, O, amazing grace,
 Assum'd our nature as his own,
 The Righteous suffer'd in our place,
 And now he pleads before the throne.

4. Now what is man when grace reveals
 The virtue of the Saviour's blood ?
 A life divine again he feels,
 Contemns the world, and walks with God.

5. He feels the witness in his breast
 That God in Christ is reconcil'd,

He finds in Christ the promis'd rest ;
And feels himself an humble child.

6. The more he feels of Christ the Lord,
The more of God his spirit wants ;
He feeds, he lives upon the word,
And for eternal glory pants !

HYMN 28. L. M.

Break my hard heart.

'TIS done, the atoning work is done ;
Jesus, the world's Redeemer dies ;
All nature feels the important groan
While bursting thro' the earth and skies !

2. Behold the veil is rent in twain,
While Jesus meekly lowers his head,
The rocks resent his grievous pain,
The yawning graves gave up their dead.

3. And shall not we his death partake,
In sympathetic anguish groan ?
O Saviour let thy passion shake
The stubborn, wretched heart of stone !

4. Affect us with thy dying cry ,
Pierce thro' and thro' my sinful heart,
And then thy healing balm apply,
Nor let thy love from me depart,

5. If thou art passing by this way,
 A look of pity cast on me ;
 O speak the word, thy power display,
 Open mine eyes that I may see.
6. Ah, wilt thou break the bruised reed,
 Or quench the smoaking spark of grace ;
 Wilt thou despise the poor indeed,
 And ever hide thy glorious face ?

—
HYMN 29. L. M.

Should a living man complain,

I OWN thee, Sovereign Lord of all,
 Lo ! at thy gracious feet I fall ;
 And when I feel my master's rod,
 Then I'll be still ; for thou art God !

2. In mercy smile, in mercy smite,
 I'll ever own thy judgments right ;
 Tho' cross'd and burden'd on my road,
 I'll humbly own that thou art God.

3. If thou see it best my comforts slay,
 And take my nearest friends away ;
 Tho' painful, 'tis my master's rod,
 I'll own thee still my gracious God.

4. Then be my trials great or small,
 My father sees a need for all ;

Yet, may I keep my sacred road,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

5. O never may my soul repine,
If Christ the Saviour still is mine ;
Though I go weeping on the road,
I'll bow and bless the will of God.

6. The land of rest will soon appear,
Tho' I am born to suffer here ;
Let me but reach that bless'd abode,
Then I shall better know my God.

HYMN 30. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

SHOUT to the great redeemer's praise,
Your God and Christ adore ;
Rejoice, rejoice ye sons of grace,
Rejoice forevermore.

2. Soon as thy light divine doth show
That saving grace of thine,
The humble sinner then can know,
Thy precious blood divine.

3. Then he can say, my Lord my God,
The holy one thou art ;
I realize and feel thy blood,
Now sprinkled on my heart.

4. Once I was dead in sin and guilt,
 A child of wrath and hell,
 But Jesu's blood for me was spilt,
 And rais'd me when he fell.
5. Come O my guilty brethren come,
 And have your pardon seal'd
 Come feel with me what Christ hath done,
 As now to us reveal'd.
6. This is a most superior bliss,
 My ransom'd soul would fly,
 What hath the world to equal this,
 Of all beneath the sky ?

HYMN 31. PARTLY WATTS. C. M.
Frail man.

TEACH me the number of my days,
 Thou maker of my frame,
 Then I'll survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.

2. A span is all that I can boast,
 An inch or two of time ;
 Man is but vanity and dust,
 In all his boasted prime !

3. One trouble calls another on,
 Till bursting o'er my head ;

My evening sun is almost gone,
I'll soon be with the dead !

4. The Lord prepare my soul by grace,
Then come the welcome day,
My mournful hours go on apace,
Yea, fly without delay !

5. Then shall I feel my heart-string break,
My lingering moments roll,
A mortal paleness shrouds my face
But glory in my soul ?

6. O, if my master now would speak,
And call his servant home,
How suddenly my soul would leap,
And answer, Lord I come ?

HYMN 32. L. M.

Dying in the Lord.

THE time of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home,
Now Lord let all my troubles cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2. The race appointed, I have run,
My warfare's o'er, the prize is won ;
The glorious crown is near in view,
For God hath said, and God is true,

3. Not in my merit do I trust,
I own myself but sinful dust ;
Yet, hope for mercy at thy throne,
Thro' Jesu's blood, and that alone.

4. I leave this world without a tear,
Save, for my friends I held so dear,
To heal their sorrows Lord descend
And to the friendless be a friend.

5. I come my Lord at thy command,
Resign my soul into thy hand ;
Extend thine all victorious arm,
And shield me in my last alarm !

6. On Jordan's awful banks I stand,
And view the glorious blessed land,
Now Lord let all my sorrows cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

HYMN 33. C. M.

Age and affliction.

OFT have I sat in secret sighs
To see my flesh decay ;
And mus'd alone with watry eyes,
To view my feeble clay.

2. But I correct my sorrows now,
I must not thus complain,

Afflictions bring their blessings too,
And mix with every pain.

3. I think of death from day to day,
My soul here waiting sings,
She views her sinking house of clay,
And often moves her wings.

4. Faith almost changes into sight,
While thro' the glass she spies
Her house eternal in the light,
Far, far, above the skies !

5. Had but my prison walls been strong
And firm without a flaw,
My soul had lived in darkness long,
And less of glory saw.

6. But now the sacred holy hill
Thro' all these flaws appear,
And frequent moves of heaven I feel
Tho' still a prisoner here !

7. Absent from flesh, illustrious day,
A painful happy stroke ;
That rends this tenement of clay,
And breaks my gaulding yoke.

HYMN 34. C. M.

The Lord is my helper.

O LORD I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, almighty friend.

2. When all created streams are dri'd
Thy fulness is the same,
May I with this be satisfi'd,
And glory in thy name.
3. Why should a soul a drop bemoan;
Who has a fountain near ?
A fountain that will ever run
With waters sweet and clear.
4. No good in creatures can be found
But can be found in thee ;
I must have all things, and abound
While God is all to me !
5. O that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil,
And credit all my Saviour saith,
Whose truths can never fail.
6. O Lord I cast my care on thee;
I worship and adore ;

Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love thee more and more.

HYMN 35. C. M.

The power of Prayer.

UNITED zeal with fervent prayer,
To heaven they steer their course,
The iron gates, the locks and bars
In vain resist their force !

2. When Peter was in prison cast,
And fasten'd well with care,
The doors were lock'd, and bolted fast,
But all were mov'd by pray'r.

3. In answer to the preacher's cries,
The holy Angel came,
He broke his chains, and bid him rise
Yea, call'd him by his name :

4. Behold how chains and fetters burst,
The doors all open flew ;
Dear soul he thought he dream'd at first,
But found the vision true.

5: The mighty Lord can make a way
To bring his saints relief ;
Their business is to watch and pray
Resisting unbelief.

6. The Lord can break thro' walls of stone
 Sink mountains to a plain,
 When we by faith invoke his throne,
 We cannot pray in vain.

HYMN 36. L. M.

God, over all : blessed forever.

ETERNAL God, almighty cause
 Of earth and seas, yea worlds unknown,
 All things are subject to thy laws,
 And all depend on thee alone.

2. God ever all forever stands,
 Perfection in himself possess'd ;
 Control'd by none, when He commands
 'Tis God in Christ, forever bless'd.

3. All fulness in our Lord doth dwell,
 And of that fulness we receive,
 The joy it is unspeakable
 That moment we can this believe.

4. To thee dear Lord ourselves we owe,
 Thro' thy dear flesh our homage pay,
 All other Lords we disavow,
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

5. O light of lights, thy light display
 Extend it to the heathen lands,

That souls who long in darkness lay,
May humbly bow to thy commands.

6. Didst thou not say, let these be lights ?
And light that moment did appear ;
Make bare thine arm exert thy might,
Till every nation feels thee near.

HYMN 37. L. M.

The Lord reigneth.

EMMANUEL reigns on Zion's hill,
The royal sceptre in his hand,
The government on his shoulder still
Let christians bow to his command.

2. His judgments oft his power doth show,
His vengeance doth his foes pursue,
And all the trembling world below
His flaming presence soon shall view.

3. All hail my Lord, exalted high,
Above all earthly things enthron'd ;
Above the heavens, above the sky,
Supreme, eternal, God alone !

4. By faith we rise on wings sublime,
While through the parting vail we see
From all the vanities of time,
We view the grand eternity !

5. Born by a new and heavenly birth,
 Why should we grasp at transient toys,
 Why should we grovel here on earth
 While we're so near celestial joys ?
6. Shall ought beguile us on the road,
 Since Jesus smiles and bids us come ?
 We'er now a travelling home to God,
 And dying, is but going home.
-

HYMN 38. C. M.

The just suffered for the unjust.

MAN from his youth have gone astray,
 And rambled far from God,
 Each wandering in a different way,
 But still the downward road.

2. How glorious was the Saviour's grace,
 When he for man engag'd,
 Who met the vengeance in their place,
 While kings and satan rag'd !
3. The sword of justice then awoke,
 And pierc'd the son of God !
 But he surviv'd the dreadful stroke,
 And quench'd it with his blood.
4. The wicked turn'd their eyes away,
 And wag'd their heads in scorn,

Our sin and shame on Jesus lay,
Our sorrows he hath born.

5. Forever let king Jesus reign,
And rule as by his word,
And all the honors we can give,
Be offer'd to the Lord !

HYMN 39. C. M.

We live by faith.

FAITH is a glorious evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
For faith can see thro' flesh and sense
And view the worlds of light.

2. Faith can bring former things to view,
Bring distant prospects home ;
The things a thousand years ago,
And thousands yet to come.

3. By faith we know the worlds were made
By the Almighty word ;
By faith to worlds unseen we're led
While leaning on the Lord.

4. By faith we seek a city high,
Not built with mortal hands,
And faith assures us, tho' we die,
Our heavenly building stands.

5. By faith we meet the monster, death,
 And ask him, "where's thy sting?"
 In faith and hope we yield our breath,
 And stretch the joyful wing !

6. By faith we view the Lamb of God,
 With his ten thousand charms,
 And freely die as Simeon did,
 With Christ within our arms !

HYMN 40. L. M.

God loveth the righteous.

HOW bless'd the righteous are
 When they resign their breath,
 No wonder Balaam wish'd to share
 In such a happy death.

2. Lord, let me die said he,
 The death the righteous do ;
 When life is ended, let me be,
 Among that happy few.

3. The force of truth—how great,
 When enemies confess,
 None but the righteous whom they hate,
 A blessed hope possess.

4. How many wish in vain,
 Whose hearts are not sincere,

They wish for Heaven, but then again,
They keep their treasure here.

5. Balaam, the Lord did know,
And to offend him, loath,
But Mammon proved his overthrow,
For, none can serve them both.

6. May you my friends, and I,
Warning from hence receive
If like the righteous we would die,
Then choose the life they live.

HYMN 41. C. M.

Jesus is the highest.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In the believers ear,
It sooth's his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubl'd breast,
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3. Dear name, the rock on which I stand,
My shield, and hiding place ;
My never failing help at hand,
And boundless store of grace.

4. Thro' him my prayer acceptance gain,
 Up to the throne above,
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 While God to me is love !

HYMN 42. C. M.

Holiness becomes Christians.

LET those who bear the living name,
 Their calling to fulfil ;
 As faithful followers of the Lamb,
 Be men of honor still.

2. Be true to what you undertake,
 Keep clean the robe you wear ;
 Faithful and just in all you speak,
 For God and Angels hear.

3. O let our lips and hearts agree,
 And words of truth devise ;
 For sure, the God of truth can see
 Thro' every false disguise !

4. We bear the worthy christian name,
 But have we Christ within ?
 Do we possess that heavenly flame
 That burns the dross and tin ?

5. The easy yoke of Christ we'll bear,
 Regard his sacred laws ;

Then have a right his name to wear,
And vindicate his cause.

—
HYMN 43. C. M.

Divine food.

AS new born babes desire the breast
By which they grow and thrive ;
So new born souls delight to taste
The word, by which they live.

2. By faith the joyful heart approves
Of all the word relates,
The word is truth, and that he loves,
The work of darkness hates.

3. He sees the flattering snares of earth,
But all its charms despise ;
Shall he debase his heavenly birth,
And break those sacred ties ?

4. O may the uncorrupted seed,
Abide and rule within ;
The God of light and truth forbid
The newborn soul to sin.

5. Not like the slave by terror drove,
May I my task fulfil ;
But mov'd by feeble fear and love,
Delight to do his will !

6. How bless'd are they who live by faith,
 Who walk with Christ their Lord,
 Attend to all the master saith
 And live upon his word.

HYMN 44. L. M.

Christian perfection.

LET me not speak an idle word,
 No vain discourse, no, nor unkind,
 How shall I, O my gracious Lord
 This mark of true perfection find.

2. My slavish fears will then expire,
 And I enjoy a second rest;
 This is the grace I do desire,
 And this will make me truly blest.

3. More of thy nature Lord reveal,
 More of the mind of Christ impart,
 Deep in my soul impress the seal,
 And bear the witness with my heart.

4. O how I long this grace to know,
 This gift divine I ask of thee,
 Come O my Lord this grace bestow,
 The mind of Jesus fix in me.

5. Let glorious light shine on my road,
 Make plain my way that leads to God;

Then, all my pride and self must fall,
And Christ my Lord, be all in all.

HYMN 45.—TUNE OF PERFECT LOVE.

Hail glorious Lord upon thy throne.

WORTHY thou art, and thou alone,
To be ador'd and lov'd ;
Let zion's sons their God proclaim,
Worship the dear Redeemer's name,
And hail him God and Lord !

2. A place of rest in him we find,
A shelter from the stormy wind ;
The man, the Lord most high ;
But those who disobey his call,
Shall on that stone of stumbling fall,
And unconverted die !

3. How many own and call him Lord
Yet, still they stumble at the word,
And him in works deny ;
Jehovah dwells in Jesus' name,
And this, they loudly do proclaim,
But from their Lord they fly !

4. Jesus unto his church is known,
The safe, the precious corner stone,
In whom the elect join ;
All out of Christ are dead indeed,

But those the precious chosen seed,
And branches of the vine, &c.

5. Now let us joyfully proclaim,
And worship God in Jesu's name,
The Lord and Christ most high ;
In Christ, the sire we own and bless,
The God Head in the prince of peace,
Who fills both earth and sky.

6. Jesus is king in earth and heaven,
The power is all to Jesus given ;
He conquers death and hell ;
God in the person of his son,
Existing by his God alone,
Forever there to dwell !

HYMN 46. C. M.

Redemption.

DID Christ, the holy and the just,
The Lord of earth and skies,
Stoop down to men who dwell in dust
That dying souls might rise ?

2. The glorious Lord did leave his throne,
His radiant seal on high,
Amazing mercy, love unknown,
To suffer, bleed and die !

3. Just as the flaming sword awoke,
To smite the rebel race,
Christ stood between, and took the stroke,
And suffer'd in their place.
4. What wonders of redemption dwell
In the atoning blood,
Like brands we'er pluck'd from death and hell,
And reconcil'd to God !
5. While we our humble homage pay,
Ten thousand thanks to thee ;
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour di'd for me.
6. Had I ten thousand hearts, my king,
I'd give them all to thee ;
Had I ten thousand tongues to sing,
I'd join the harmony.

HYMN 47. C. M.

Faith overcomes the world.

THE boasting sinner, lo, he dies,
His haughty words are vain ;
In this low world his pleasure lies,
And all hereafter's pain.

2. Let worlding swell, and still advance,
Yea, boast of all their store ;

The Lord is mine inheritance,
My soul can wish no more !

3. The pure in heart shall see the face
Of their forgiving God ;
Dress'd in the gospel righteousness,
Wash'd in the Saviour's blood !

4. Joyful they'll stretch their wings abroad,
And all-victorious rise,
To the bright mansions of their God ;
While pleasure never dies !

5. Ye saints below, and hosts above,
Join all your praising powers,
No theme is like redeeming love,
No God compar'd to ours !

6. A heaven below will be begun
When we awake from death,
In the bright likeness of the son,
We'll draw immortal breath !

HYMN 48. C. M.

Death and Eternity.—Profitable Meditation.

MY thoughts as often mount the skies
And then, the world beneath ;
There nature all in ruin lies,
And owns the conqueror death !

2. The king of terror triumphs here !

He slays us all around ;

What heaps of dust, and bones appear

Beneath this hollow ground.

3. These skulls, what ghastly figures now,

How loathsome to the eyes !

Those very heads we lately knew,

So stately, grave, and wise !

4. But where are those immortal things,

That's left the loathsome clay ?

My thoughts are stretching out their wings

To trace eternity !

5. O what a vast, a boundless sea,

What deeps without a shore ;

Where streams of living waters play,

Or fiery billows roar !

HYMN 49. C. M.

Serious Thoughts.

AND must I quit this stage of life,

And try the doubtful sea ;

Not all my groans and dying strife,

Can gain a moment's stay.

2. I soon shall swim in heavenly bliss,

Or sink in flaming waves ;

While my poor body thoughtless lies

Amongst the silent graves.

3. Surviving friends may drop a tear
 On my poor dust and say,
 Those silent limbs were once as mine,
 And mine must be as they.
4. Then let those mould'ring members teach
 What now my senses learn ;
 For dust and ashes loudest preach,
 Man's infinite concern !
5. In glorious light doth Jesus reign,
 I go to see my God :
 He will my trembling soul sustain,
 The purchase of his blood.
6. Hark, O my soul, the Saviour calls,
 I come, my Lord, my love ;
 Break down, break down these prison walls,
 I make my last remove !

HYMN 50. C. M.*A living Soul in a dead Body.*

HOW meanly dwells a righteous soul ;
 For vile these bodies are :
 Behold a clod of earth prepar'd
 To hold a shining star !

2. Poor cottage where such souls reside,
 A broken tott'ring wall ;
 With breaches often gaping wide,
 Foretels the house must fall.

3. We live to see, and to be seen,
We gaze a while and die ;
We're gone as though we've never been,
In shades of silence lie !

4. But life, while those upholds that life,
A sacrifice shall be,
And death, tho' no intended friend,
Shall join my soul to thee.

5. Jesus be thou my constant friend,
Till all my woes shall cease,
When life is ended, let that end
Be endless life and peace !

HYMN 51. C. M.

The fearful saint.

LORD, if I ever knew thy ways,
Then plant in me thy fear ;
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

2. Reveal to me thy glorious arm,
Support a feeble worm,
And keep my soul from every harm,
Amid the dreadful storm.

3. To every other favour bring,
A power to trust thy word ;

Then death itself might hear me sing
The mercies of my Lord.

4. 'Tis but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight ;
But O thy perfect love reveal,
And fill my soul with light.

5. Thy grace I know sufficient is,
If I that grace improve ;
My faith is only seen by this,
A holy life of love.

6. Till I this mortal flesh lay down,
Accept my feeble lays,
And when I reach thy brilliant throne,
I'll give thee perfect praise.

HYMN 52. C. M.

An evening hymn.

O SAVIOUR hear me when I pray ;
Remember I am thine ;
I walk before thee all the day,
And fear, and love thy name !

2. Now let me rest my weary head,
From earthly troubles free ;
And when I'm slumb'ring on my bed,
May I be still with thee !

3. This be my evening sacrifice,
As my day's work is done ;
Nor let a gloomy cloud arise
On this day's setting sun.

4. Protect me thro' this lonely night,
Till day appears again,
Then early with the morning light,
I'll praise thy glorious name !

5. I thank thee for my daily food,
A gracious gift is this ;
I look to thee for every good,
And hope for future bliss.

HYMN 53. C. M.

Funeral.

THE pure in heart shall see the face
Of Christ their glorious king ;
But scarcely feel death's cold embrace
While Jesus dwells within.

2. Wash'd in his blood, they feel secure,
Death hath no sting but sin ;
The ransom paid, the work is sure,
And they feel peace within.

3. Faith hath an overcoming pow'r ;
When join'd with glorious hope ;

Be so active at a dying hour
 It bears the spirit up,

4. They die in Jesus, and are bless'd,
 How sweet their slumbers are ;
 From all their sufferings then releas'd,
 Forever free'd from care.

5. His twined heart strings now must break,
 His pulse is weak and few,
 His quivering lips shall smile and speak,
 " I bid the world adue ! "

6. I am supported still by grace,
 My lingering minutes roll,
 A gloomy paleness on my face
 But glory in my soul !

HYMN 54. C. M.

Gratitude.

CREATOR, father, gracious Lord,
 Thou guardian of my days ;
 Thy loving kindness I'll record
 In grateful songs of praise.

2. Thou didst protect my tender frame
 With thy paternal care,
 Before I knew thy precious name,
 Or form'd my thoughts in prayer.

3. Each rolling year new favors brought,
From my great Father's store ;
But ah ! in vain my deepest thought,
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4. A chain of mercies thro' my days
My laboring soul would trace ;
Still larger favors call my praise,
Redeeming love and grace ?

5. Now I am fed with bread from heaven,
'Tis manna from above ;
Bless'd with a sense of sins forgiv'n,
And Jesu's dying love !

6. What shall I render to my Lord
For favors so divine ?
I'll bless his name, obey his word ;
My all to him resign.

HYMN 55. C. M.

Rejoice with trembling.

ALMIGHTY Lord indulge my tongue,
Let not thy thunder roar !
While we attempt to lisp a song,
Altho' we'er weak and poor.

2. If the Most High should now forbid,
Our muse folds up her wings ;

Or, at thy word, we'll go with speed,
And try almighty things !

3. A slender reed, inspir'd by thee,
Can rise, and thrive and grow ;
Just like the water'd fruitful tree,
Its loaded branches show.

4. Could Gabriel lend his heavenly tongue,
Or harp of golden string ;
Then would we raise a nobler song,
To our immortal king !

5. So let our feet no more depart,
Nor from our pastures rove ;
Devotion fill our every heart,
And passions all be love !

6. Then like the faithful sun, shall we,
Our pleasing task perform ;
Till we arrive where Jesus be,
To earth no more return.

HYMN 56. C. M.

Devotion.

IN awful state ! my Saviour, God,
Is seated on his throne,
While joyful spirits sound abroad
The wonders he hath done !

2. Now let me rise and join the song,
And be an angel too ;
My hands, my heart, my ears, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you !
3. I would begin the business here,
And so by steps arise ;
Till angels shall my spirits bear,
To join them in the skies !
4. There may I find some humble seat,
With angels have a place,
Among their thrones, or at their feet,
To view my Saviour's face !
5. Then teaz'd with earthly cares no more,
But join the work above,
To bless the God whom I adore ;
The Saviour whom I love.
6. Forever done with earthly things,
Above the world I'll soar ;
Like Noah's dove, I'll try my wing,
And I'll return no more !

HYMN 57. C. M.
Hope and Fear.

THE troubles that beset our path,
None can prevent nor cure ;

We move upon the brink of death,
When seemingly secure.

2. If we to day delight possess,
It soon may be withdrawn ;
Some change may plunge us in distress
Before the rising morn.
3. A fever, or a pain can break
Our deep concerted rule,
And of the brightest genius make
A poor delirous fool !
4. Like Jonah's goard, our blasted fruit,
Our shady comforts' slain ;
A cruel worm has spoilt the root,
And we reduc'd to shame.
5. I pity those who seek no more
Than such a world can give ;
The' seeming rich, they still are poor,
And, dying while they live.
6. Since sin has fill'd this world with wo,
And mortals fade and die ;
O wean us, Lord, from joys below,
And fix our hopes on high.

HYMN 58. C. M.

Set your affections on high.

THE whole concern of life, how vain,
Compar'd with heavenly joys ;

The crosses, sorrows, grief and pain,
My struggling life employs.

2. But O that glorious world on high,
To which my hopes aspire ;
It sooths my present mournful sigh,
And stirs my warm desire !

3. Sometimes I have a heavenly ray,
Which gives my soul a view ;
Almost, I hail the welcome day,
And bid the world adieu.

4. There is a world of joy and peace,
That world would I explore ;
When want and wo forever cease,
And christians dwell secure !

5. A realizing faith divine,
View worlds beyond the grave ;
A witness says that Christ is mine
Whose arm is strong to save.

6. Inactive faith cannot be true,
As not produced by grace ;
But living faith can all things do,
Its fruits are righteousness.

Accept the wish thy love inspires,
And let me call thee mine !

HYMN 60. L. M.

Sacramental.

LET faith extend her lifted eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice ;
Let love increase to ardent flame,
Adore and bless the Saviour's name.

2. Can we with cool affection see,
The pungent thorns, the bloody tree,
The flowing tear, the bloody sweat,
The wounded hands and tortur'd feet !

3. Now turn thine eye, and view his side,
The wound is large, both deep and wide ;
Behold the stream the mingled flood ;
The cleansing water mix'd with blood !

4. The rock is split the current flows,
To quench my thirst, and heal my woes :
I'm lost for language to explain,
The love of Christ to fallen man !

5. Here at thy cross I'd set and sing,
The glories of my suffering king ;
With tears of joy, I'll spread abroad,
The mysteries of incarnate God.

6. Begone for ever carnal things ;
Thou mole-hill earth, I bid farewell,
Arise my soul, on nobler wings,
And leave this clod for ants to dwell.

HYMN 61. C. M.

The sacred word, the sure guide.

THY sacred word shall guide our feet,
In paths of righteousness ;
Confirm our souls in Christ complete,
In faith and holiness.

2. Ten thousand errors all combine,
To lead thy flock astray,
But still eternal truth doth shine,
On to the perfect day.

3. Lord bruise the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy :
Let those who trust thy promises,
Forever shout for joy,

4. Thy precious word, the more it's tri'd
More glorious will appear ;
Like gold that's often purifi'd,
Will shine more bright and clear.

5. If now in tears, good seed we sow,
We still enforce thy law ;

But hold the gospel promise too,
From whence our comforts draw.

6. To fear thy name, and trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
The wise among the virgin race,
Do best obey thy will.

HYMN 62. L. M.

Order and discipline.

IF gospel order be destroy'd
The sure foundation of our peace,
If human systems make it void,
Where shall the christians seek redress ?

2. The Lord of glory fix'd his throne,
To rule and govern saints below ;
To him our faith and works are known,
To him do we obedience owe.

3. Doth he not teach his saints to fear,
As well as trust his righteous name ?
As Lord and king to govern here,
As king Emmanuel rule and reign !

4. Here let thy little flock rejoice,
Receiving blessings from thy throne ;
Those who have made thy word their choice,
And trust for life in thee alone.

5. Lord spread the kingdom of thy grace,
And thine own sovereign right maintain
Till sister churches all embrace,
Agree that only Christ shall reign !
6. Then let the world of sinners view
The church united and forgiv'n,
With one consent the prize pursue,
And make thy word their guide to heaven.

HYMN 63. L. M.

Pray in faith.

HOW many obstacles we meet,
In coming to the mercy seat :
Yet, who that knows the good of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there ?

2. A pray'r in faith makes clouds withdraw,
It climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
It oft inflames the sparks of love,
And draws the blessing from above.

3. Neglecting pray'r we cease to fight,
'Tis pray'r that keeps our weapons bright ;
And satan trembles when he sees
An humble christian on his knees !

4. O let your thanks and pray'r arise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;

And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but him that feels it knows.

5. With joy my Lord thy word we view,
Thy testaments both old and new ;
We read, and think on dying love,
Till every passion melts and move !

6. If half the time that's vainly spent,
In fervent pray'r to God was sent,
Our cheerful songs would often be,
“ Come hear what Christ has done me.”

HYMN 64. L. M.

Before Preaching.

THY glorious presence, Lord afford,
Prepare us to receive the word ;
Speak Lord and open every ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear.

2. Our worldly thoughts and cares restrain,
Nor let us preach and hear in vain ;
Give us this day our daily bread,
With food divine may we be fed.

3. O may this be a gracious day,
Come blessed Spirit, come away ;
May slaves be out of bondage led,
Break the rocks, and raise the dead.

4. Jesus, thou prince and God divine ;
Our light and life from thee must flow ;
We preach no other name but thine,
To save a world from endless wo.

5. No other name will God approve ;
Jesus the true, the good old way ;
And by his grace and dying love,
He leads his flock to endless day.

HYMN 65. C. M.

THE holy scriptures, all divine,
By Jesu's spirit given ;
This is the lamp, its doctrines shine,
It marks my way to heaven.

2. It cheers the lonesome drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ?
It saving grace and life imparts
To quell our gloomy fears.

3. Such is the precious word, O God,
And for a guide is given ;
It sheds thy blessed love abroad,
And leads us on to heaven.

4. This is the pilgrim's sole delight,
It quickens all their powers ;
It guides our trembling footsteps right,
Its love doth quicken ours.

5. O may these sacred pages be
 The christian's chief delight ;
 And still new beauties may we see
 With this increasing light.

6. Increase this light, Almighty Lord,
 And be forever near ;
 Teach us to love thy blessed word,
 And feel the Saviour there !

HYMN 66. C. M.

IS Jesus Christ both Lord and God,
 Must heaven and earth obey ;
 The glorious world the Saviour leaves,
 As all the prophets say.

2. He clothes himself in flesh, and shows
 The messenger of grace ;
 And on the bloody tree expires,
 A victim in our place !

3. Poor sinners of the deepest stain
 In him salvation find ;
 His blood expels the deepest guilt,
 And heals the wretched mind.

4. O may these tidings be receiv'd
 With thankful hearts of joy ;
 And let the highest songs of praise,
 Your hearts and lips employ.

5. What glorious majesty and grace,
In man's salvation shine ;
Here Jesus speaks, and we confess
That Jesus is divine !

6. And now in heaven the Lord appears,
Beofre the flamiug throne ;
He bottles all your solemn tears,
And feels you as his own.

HYMN 67. L. M.

Great Redemption.

'TIS finish'd, so the Saviour cried,
Then meekly bow'd his head and died :
The work is wrought, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won !

2. 'Tis finish'd—all that was decreed,
As all the holy prophet's said,
By him, fulfil'd, as was design'd,
Jesus, the Saviour of mankind.

3. 'Tis finish'd, Jesus dies no more,
Nor stains his limbs in purple gore,
He's made atonement by his blood,
A new and living way to God.

4. We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And how he suffer'd in our stead ;
Think how he snffer'd here below,
And what he's doing for us now.

5. To God the Saviour doth belong,
The thankful heart, the joyful song ;
With one consent and sweet award,
Give praise and honor to the Lord.

6. Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine ;
Thy faithful servant may I be.
Amen, amen, eternally !

HYMN 68. L. M.

Praise to God for saving grace.

JESUS, my saviour, God and king,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring,
Let all the precious join the praise,
Who have experienc'd saving grace.

2. A ruined sinner once I lay,
Breathing a wretched life away ;
He twin'd my sinful joy to grief,
Then quickly come to my relief !

3. He pour'd his grace into my heart,
And bade despairing fears depart ;
These proofs of love, my holy Lord,
Deep in my heart do I record.

4. Depart ye dreams of carnal joy,
Let Christ and heaven my thoughts employ ;

Yet still my elvated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise.

5. Let not my soul despond and say,
But can I stand the judgment day ?
The Lord has said, and cannot lie,
“ If thou art faithful, so am I.”

HYMN 69. L. M.

Looking unto Jesus.

LOOK up my soul the saviour dies,
Hark ! what expiring groans arise !
Not for his friends, but open foes,
This deep affliction undergoes !

2. He bows his head, O deathful sound,
See pardon flow from every wound ;
We look, we wonder and adore ;
But all thy sufferings now are o'er.

3. To suffer in a rebel's place,
To die for such surprising grace
Yet pass the rebel angels by
O, why for man, Lord Jesus why ?

4. Lost in astonishment I see !
How Jesus lov'd, and di'd for me ;
Like angels I, would him adore :
And love like them, or even more !

5. My Lord is gone to reign above ;
 He dwells in light, his name is love ;
 Let saints and angels, if they can,
 Explain the love of God to man !

6. Celestial dove, descend and bring
 Some favors from your Lord and king ;
 Give us to taste those sweets below,
 That in your richer pastures grow ?

HYMN 70. C. M.

Choice.

BEWITCHING toys of earth adue,
 The better part be mine,
 By faith I have a prize in view,
 Of glorious things divine.

2. My strongest thought, and greatest cares,
 Which deeply strikes my sense,
 A glorious world to me appears,
 A store divine immense !

3. Jesus to thousands yet unknown
 A name divinely sweet ;
 Jesus in him, and him alone,
 My wealth and pleasures meet :

4. Should all the nations at my call ;
 Their wealth to me resign,
 With joy could I reject them all
 If Jesus be but mine !

5. Let honor, wealth, and friends depart,
Of this dear pearl possess'd,
I'd clasp my Saviour to my heart,
And be completely bless'd !

6. My Lord can fill my large desires,
These comforts are divine ;
Accept the wish thy love inspires,
And let me call thee mine.

HYMN 70. L. M.

Wrestling in Prayer.

LORD, hear the prisoners mournful cries,
Permit them in thy sight t' appear ;
Let mercy meet them from the skies,
Till haply they shall feel thee near.

2. Incline thine ear, regard their moans,
See how they struggle to be free ;
Call home, call home, thy banish'd ones
And let them find their rest in thee.

3. O satisfy their souls in draught,
Reveal thine arm as they may see
That mercy's eye has found them out,
Break thou their bonds and set them free.

4. O hast thou Lord a work begun,
And brought them to the birth in vain ;

Lord, let the prisoners see the sun,
And let their souls be born again.

5. Support them in the trying hour,
Their trembling spirits Lord defend :
Bring near, bring near the gospel pow'r,
And let this fearful contest end.

6. Part of their burden, Lord, we bear ;
For them thy suff'ring members mourn,
O answer Lord, thy children's prayer,
And let their strug'ling souls be born !

HYMN 71. L. M.

The Chief Shepherd and his Sheep.

O HIDE not thou thy glorious face,
From those who feel thy work begun,
Confirm the weak with glorious grace,
And guide thy feeble children home.

2. Thou seest their wants, & know'st their names ;
Be gracious to thy tender care,
Be mindful of thy new-born lambs,
And in thy precious bosom bear.

3. The lion roaring for his prey,
The prowling wolves on ev'ry side ;
The stragling sheep they tear and slay,
When wand'ring from their faithful guide ?

4. Thy wisdom baffles satan's skill,
And turn his fiery darts aside ;
O turn thy flock from all that's ill,
And keep from them the snare call'd pride !

5. He freely leads, but will not drive,
They feed upon his word and thrive ;
All those that follow at his call,
Save them he will, they never fall.

6. Those sheep he owns and ever will,
They hear his voice and follow still ;
As Jesus walked, so do they ;
We lead them sure to endless day !

HYMN 72. C. M.

Unity of the Spirit.

MAY truth remove the precious ones,
And let the vile remain ;
Unite, unite the faithful sons,
And make them one again.

2. See how we walk like carnal men,
Like carnal men appear ;
One claims his Peter, one for Paul,
Our fall perhaps is near !

3. O King of Zion wilt thou hear
The breathings of the heart ;

Remove those evils, far and near
 That cause thy friends to part !

4. The bonds of peace by error broke,
 The Holy Spirit griev'd !
O what a painful heavy stroke,
 With those who have believ'd.
 5. May christians own one God and Lord ;
 And bear his easy yoke,
 The bond of love, the three-fold cord,
 That never may be broke !
 6. If one poor sheep should chance to stray,
 Leave it not in distress ;
 But bring it back into the way
 Of everlasting peace !
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HYMN 73. L. M.

*One God. Isai ix. John xvii 10. Matt. xxvi. 28.
 Hebrews ix. 20.*

GOD did the testament enjoin,
 And then he seal'd it with his blood ;
 The man who did his life resign,
 Is perfect man, and perfect God !

2. Incarnate God, almighty man,
 In Jesu's single person meet ;

Never to be disjoin'd again :
Believers are in Christ complete.

3. The 'ternal God can be but one,
And Jesus is the eternal son ;
What scripture says of God, is true,
The same is said of Jesus too.

4. But how could God for sinners die ?
And how could man their pardon buy ?
But, O, when human nature bled,
Then blood divine was surely shed !

5. None knows the father but the son,
Unless he doth the same reveal ;
The human and divine are one,
As holy christains know and feel.

6. The everlasting Father bless,
Adore and thank the Prince of peace ;
The father's honor loud proclaim,
The Lord of hosts in Jesu's name !

HYMN 74. L. M.

One God over all.

JESUS the Lord, the 'ternal word,
In whom dwells all the Deity,
The spirit of his mouth concur'd,
And caus'd the wondrous world to be :

2. The father son and ho'y Ghost
 Is the most high, yet God alone ;
 The God who form'd the heavenly host,
 Yet, the creator is but one.

3. I, by myself the heavens expand,
 And spread this spacious earth abroad,
 All nature rose at my command,
 I am your Saviour Lord and God.

4. The Lord alone the worlds have made,
 And every thing which they contain,
 And by his providential aid,
 He doth the universe sustain.

5. The wondrous works the Father doth,
 Is done by him who all things fill,
 The spirit is the same with both,
 And God in Christ doth now reveal.

6. The father worketh by the son,
 The holy ghost conveys the grace,
 Then Christ the Lord and God is one,
 Let all creation sound his praise.

HYMN 75. C. M.

The only wise God our Saviour.

THE only wise almighty God,
 Is able by his grace,

Us to present by love renew'd,
Before Jehovah's face.

2. And he whose promise stands secure,
Returning for his bride,
Will, to himself present us pure,
And seat us by his side.

3. Jesus will wash us with his blood,
And make us pure in heart,
He is the wise Almighty God,
My Lord, my God thou art.

4. Jehovah is my Saviour's Name,
And thro' that blood apply'd,
Commun'd, and certified I am
There is no God beside.

5. His promise to the faithful is,
Who the good fight hath won,
His God I am, and will be his,
And he shall be my son.

HYMN 76. L. M.

God manifest in the flesh.—1. Tim. iii. 16.
GOD was in Christ the 'ternal sire,
And still doth dwell in Christ the son,
God in the flesh did once expire.
And die'd for Adam's race to 'tone.

2. The one Almighty God supreme,
How lavish of his precious blood ;
Pour'd out the blood and watry stream,
To reconcile the world to God !

3. We hail him Lord, the God most high,
Who came from heaven to save the lost,
As man he did for sinners die,
As God, redeem'd them by his cross.

4. This is the way the price was paid,
God in the person of his son ;
The law had satisfaction made,
We may be sav'd, tho' once undone !

5. Father in Jesus reconcil'd,
If reconcil'd to me thou art,
Then own me thine adopted child,
Reveal the witness to my heart.

6. Son as in Christ by faith we are,
We feel the father in the son,
And of that blessed fulness share
And know that God and Christ are one !

HYMN 77. C. M.

1. Cor. viii. 6.—*To us there is but one God !—John xx, 28.—My Lord and my God !*

THE Lord Jehovah is but one,
Forever glorifi'd ;

The first and last is God alone ;
There is no God beside.

2. Worship divine to him is due,
Who dot'st that honor claim ;
The Alpha, and Omega too,
The first and last. Amen.

3. The King of kings, the Lord of hosts,
Almighty to redeem ;
In him may christians safely trust,
The one great God supreme.

4. Jesus the highest name that's given,
Fill'd with the Deity,
No other God in earth or heaven,
To him all glory be.

5. Jesus the Lord, we still proclaim,
Jesus the God most high,
Jehovah dwells in that great name,
That angels magnify.

HYMN 78. C. M.

Salvation is of God.

ATTEND to what Jehovah said,
His mind to men made known,
Ye fallen race your help is laid
On mine eternal son.

2. This is the prince my wisdom chose.
 From all the human race,
 His head with holy oil o'erflows,
 He's full of truth and grace:

3. This is the heir of David's line,
 The holy Priest and King ;
 This arm shall crush the tyrants down,
 And death shall lose his sting.

4. I am his Father and his God,
 We are together one ;
 The highest seat is his abode,
 And heaven adores the son !

5. Hosanna to the immortal King,
 The father in the son ;
 Descend O Holy Ghost and bring
 Salvation from his throne !

6. He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
 And breaks the prisoner's chain ;
 The humble contrite praying breath,
 Shall not be spent in vain.

HYMN 79. L. M.

“In the beginning was the word.”

BEFORE the heavens and earth were made,
 The word eternal was with God ;

As John the holy preacher said,
And Christ himself who is the Lord.

2. 'Twas by the word all things were made,
And by that power creation stands ;
The christians own him Lord and head,
And angels fly at his command.
3. Before the rebel angels fell,
He led the hosts of morning stars ;
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years ;
4. Eternal father who could look
Into thy deep and secret will,
Who but my Lord could take the book,
And open each, and every soul ?
5. Jesus is full of truth and grace,
The father shining thro' the son ;
We long dear Lord to see thy face,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.
6. This world is not our resting place,
Our longing eyes are up to thee ;
We run to end a tedious race,
And dwell where happy spirits be,

HYMN 80. L. M.

Acts xx. 28.

ATTEND to what the Saviour saith,
“ Sinners awake and look on me,”

Behold me with an eye of faith,
As bleeding, dying on the tree !

2. Jesus the equal fellow was,
The human and divine were one,
Our sins he bore upon the cross,
He bow'd his head, and said it's done.

3. Guilty O Lord, we must confess,
For we have done 'trocious deed,
For by our sins and wickedness,
We caus'd the glorious Lord to bleed !

4. O precious man, O God divine,
Hast thou a ransom paid with blood ?
The glorious Godhead must be thine,
Thou art indeed my Lord and God.

5. But how could God Almighty die,
And on the cross his soul resign ;
Or how could man our pardon buy,
The blood must surely be divine !

6. How strange, that man should disbelieve,
Because too deep for him to scan,
What angels scarcely could conceive,
The mist'ry far too deep for man !

7. But man, vain man must thus conclude
That all is false beyond his skill ;

How low his thoughts, how rash and rude
To contradict the holy will !

HYMN 81. C. M.

The Lord Christ.

HOW many titles Lord there be,
And yet thou art but one ;
The God of glorious majesty,
On thine exalted throne !

2. No mortal eye could see thy face
And then expect to live !
Yet through the channels of thy grace
A glimpse of glory give.

3. The God in Christ a wonder is ;
Yet God and Christ are one ;
Jehovah God, the Lord of bliss ;
On his tremendous throne !

4. When all his friends are sav'd at last,
And rebels all destroy'd,
The mediation work is past,
Yet Christ is God and Lord !

HYMN 82. C. M.

JESUS the source of righteousness,
My Saviour God and King ;

That high exalted name we bless,
And to thy glory sing.

2. We trust in Christ the only name,
We own the christian cause,
Nor will his saints be put to shame
Who love and keep his laws.

3. Assist in preaching of thy word,
In the appointed hour ;
May they proclaim their glorious Lord,
With energetic power !

4. O may they never fear to own
The pure, the gospel word ;
That saves by grace, thro' faith alone,
Faith in the glorious Lord.

5. The gospel is the power of God,
When we that word receive ;
We feel the virtue of his blood
That moment we believe !

6. O may that pure and heavenly seed,
Be rooted deep within ;
Till we shall bear much fruit indeed,
And cleans'd from secret sin.

HYMN 83. C. M.

The Christians for a clear witness.
GIVE us to feel the power of God,
As we thy word receive,

To feel the virtue of thy blood,
In whom we now believe.

2. Sav'd from the secret dross of sin,
By an increase of grace,
Lord make our hearts so pure within
That we may see thy face.

3. The pure in heart can see thy face,
Before they hence remove !

When purg'd from sin by glorious grace,
And perfected in love !

4. O, what a glorious work is this,
The mark at which we aim,
The strength of faith, the secret bliss,
The new mysterious name.

5. That hidden name in the white stone,
The dear incarnate word,
A mystery so long unknown,
The secret of the Lord !

6. This is the bread that came from heaven,
The soul's eternal food ;
The growth in grace, the little leaven,
The needful thing that's good.

HYMN 84. L. M.

Christians call for Angels' help.

JEHOVAH is an awful name !
That every fallen angel fears,

He shakes the wide creation's frame,
And satan trembles when he hears.

2. Like flames of fire his angels are,
Light, brighter still his dwelling place,
But all those lights fall short by far,
The glories of his blessed face !
3. 'Tis not for such poor worms as we,
To understand such awful things,
But still we hope his face to see,
The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings !
4. There we his glorious face shall see !
Like angels cloth'd in bright array ;
Thrice happy, happy shall we be,
And love and sing as well as they.
5. O for a glorious pleasing sight,
Of that exalted glorious throne !
There sits the Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd with a body like our own.
6. His saints and angels round him stand,
Then at his blazing feet they fall ;
The God-head shining thro' the man,
And pours his blessings on them all !

HYMN 85. C. M.

The Church in Prosperity.

PRAISE God ye saints below the sky,
Join all the hosts above ;

Who tells of glorious things on high,
And takes his little—love !

2. He sits upon his glittering throne,
And in himself complete,
He sends ten thousand blessings down,
From his own mercy seat.

3. Thus when he sends those graces down,
And sheds his love abroad,
He forms a heaven on earthly ground,
—'Tis glory in the bud !

4. A little paradise of joy,
In this poor desart springs ;
Then all my senses I employ,
On sweet celestial things.

5. The fairest titles now appear,
And, each its glory shows,
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The finest rose that blows.

6. Our feeble powers how weak they be,
How short our praises fall ;
So much like nothing Lord are we,
But thou art all in all.

HYMN 86. C. M.

Emanuel—“ God with us.”

WHAT heavenly man, or lovely God,
Comes flaming from the skies,

His vesture looks as dip'd in blood ;
 With pity in his eyes !

2. The Lord from heaven, I know it's he,
 Behold the smiles he wears,
 The glorious Lord that di'd for me,
 In streams of blood and tears !
3. Here justice, wisdom, power and grace,
 In man's salvation shine,
 Well might the holy prophet say,
 Was ever grief like mine !
4. His sacred flesh must be divine,
 Also his precious blood ;
 The bread that feeds this soul of mine,
 Must surely come from God.
5. 'Twas love divine caus'd him to bleed,
 And bound him to the tree ;
 All this my soul, he bore indeed,
 To set poor captives free !
6. My God I thank thee for thy grace,
 I bless thee for thy love ;
 Prepare my soul to see thy face,
 In fairer worlds above !

51st PSALM. S. M.

HAVE mercy Lord on me,
 As thou wert ever kind ;

Let me oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy grace and mercy find.

2. Forgive my foul offence,
And cleanse my soul from sin,
Lord I confess my crimes,
How great my guilt has been.

3. Against thee, Lord, alone,
And ever in thy sight,
I own my guilt, and though condemn'd
Must own the sentence right !

4. O let me hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice,
That so a pardon'd sinner Lord,
Might in thy love rejoice !

5. O cast me not away,
Nor drive me from thy sight,
Let not thy blessed Spirit take
His everlasting flight !

HYMN 87. L. M.

The Afflicted Soul.

TO heaven I raise my mournful cries,
For mercy's sake thy creature hear ;
Destruction waits my trembling soul,
If thou refuse a gracious ear !

2. Mine eyes are lifted tow'rd thy hill,
 My hands are reached out to pray,
 Here at thy feet I'm waiting still,
 Lord Jesus drive me not away.
3. Permit me Lord, in sore distress,
 To bow before a gracious God ;
 Here may I wait for pard'ning grace
 Till I am sprinkled with thy blood.
4. Then I'll report to broken hearts,
 Be not dismay'd for God is nigh ;
 Both grace and mercy he imparts,
 When souls in deep contrition lie.
5. To him the poor lift up their eyes,
 He soon will make their faces shine ;
 He'll gather blessings from the skies,
 And fill their souls with food divine.
6. He counts their tears, & hears their groans,
 He will redeem their souls from death ;
 His balm shall heal their broken bones,
 His praises shall employ their breath.

HYMN 89. L. M.

Souls seeing by faith.

MY sorrows Lord to thee are known,
 Thou once didst suffer pain for me ;

Regard my tears, and hear my groan,
Remember bloody calvary !

2. Remember Lord thy fervent prayers,
And call to mind thy sweat and blood,
Thy heaving sighs, thy cries and tears,
Thy dying groans, " My God, my God ! "

3. For whom didst thou the cross endure,
And why bound to that fatal tree ?
Did not thy death my life procure ?
O let thy bowels answer me !

4. The day of small and feeble things,
A gracious God will not despise,
O come with healing in thy wings,
Thou sun of righteousness arise.

5. O the rich blessings of the cross,
Where God in Jesus lov'd and di'd,
Some comfort now my spirits draws,
From his dear wound and bleeding side !

6. Give me to know thy precious name,
The sweetest name that e'er was known
I'll join the heavens to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his blazing throne !

HYMN 90. L. M.

Thanks for salvation.

HE comes, he comes with truth and grace,
He comes to save a ruined race ;

To raise us to a glorious hope,
To cast us down, then lift us up.

2. Let all the living stones cry out,
Let Zion's sons and daughters shout,
Daughters of Zion meet thy king,
With shouts of joy, give thanks and sing.

3. He hath this great salvation wrought,
And with his blood our souls hath bought;
Hath brought his heavenly kingdom in,
To root out all the seeds of sin.

4. He claims us as his lawful right ;
We now must walk as sons of light,
Must walk with God and grow in grace,
Till pure in heart to see his face.

5. The word of truth, and power divine,
Can sanctify and make us shine,
Now Lord thy glorious grace impart,
And strike thy nature thro' my heart.

HYMN 91. C. M.

God in Christ.

THE great supreme can be but one,
And Christ in God is he !
The father dwelling in the son,
Through all eternity !

2. Jesus the Lord is truly God ;
 The Spirit is the same :
 For each impress'd the earthly clod,
 When from his hand we came.

3. The grand essentials all were join'd,
 In the creating plan ;
 Yet in the sacred word we find,
 That God created man.

4. The sons of God, do Christ receive,
 And God in Christ they know ;
 'Tis by the life of Christ they live,
 And do his work below.

5. I am the resurrection, I;
 The life eternal aim :
 And never shall my children die
 Who fear and love my name !"

HYMN 92. C. M.

'To us there is one God.'

O WHAT a glorious mystery,
 How full of truth and grace ;
 Enlighten'd souls are made to see
 Their God in Jesu's face !

2. God's ministers whom he doth chuse,
 To bear his sacred name,

And spread the great mysterious news,
Of God in Christ the same !

3. His glorious name we spread abroad,
As he to us reveal'd ;
Believe in Christ, believe in God ;
And have your pardon seal'd.

4. The law of God we all receive,
The law of Christ fulfil ;
Obey the holy Ghost and live :
And thus we do his will !

HYMN 93. L. M.

Hope in the end.

THE day of Christ, the day of God,
The christians hopes with joy to see ;
Wash'd in the Saviour's precious blood,
Completely happy they shall be.

2. Spotless and pure without offence,
May we in life, and death remain ;
His precious blood can fully cleanse,
The humble soul from ev'ry stain !

3. Lord, we believe thy word is pure,
That light and life, it doth impart ;
Lord make us holy, make us pure,
Holy in life, and pure in heart.

4. Jesus thou God and Lord supreme,
Who dare thy God Head to deny ;
Thy glorious majesty blaspheme,
And count thee less than the most high !

5. We long to see thee as thou art ;
When ev'ry knee to thee shall bow,
Thy glorious likeness then impart,
To all who own, and love thee now.

HYMN 94. L. M.

Omnipresence.

AH Lord, can a creature run,
Or from th' eternal Spirit fly ;
Who can thy constant presence shun,
Or 'scape the notice of thine eye ?

2. We ever are before thy face,
Nor can from thee ourselves conceal ;
For thou art God in every place,
Thine awful presence, Lord we feel !

3. If I to heaven could take my flight,
Swift as a thought to worlds unknown,
Jehovah fills the realms of light,
While seated on his flaming throne !

4. Should guilty souls to hell retire,
O gloomy pit of endless pain ;
The presence there is flames of fire,
And never to be quench'd again !

5. If I the morning wings could gain,
 And fly to earth's remotest bound,
 Could I in secret there remain,
 Or, in an awful deluge drown !
6. Or could I skulk in midnight shades,
 Should open to thine eye appear,
 I soon should find myself betray'd,
 For God is light and God is here !

HYMN 95. C. M.

Sinners warned and called.

CAN He be deaf who form'd the ear ?
 Or blind, who made the eye ?
 And will he never punish those
 Who all his threats defy ?

2. He fathoms all the thoughts of men,
 To him their hearts lie bare ;
 His eye surveys their inmost souls,
 And sees how vain they are !
3. Sinners, your oft repeated crimes
 To strict account he'll call ;
 You soon must die and try the test,
 Like other rebels fall !
4. To God alone revenge belongs,
 Which soon he will disclose ;
 As judge of all the earth arise,
 And crush his haughty foes.

5. Yet, lo the loving Saviour stands,
If you will him receive ;
He stretches out his gracious hands
And bids you turn and live !

HYMN 96. C. M.

Thoughtless Souls.

ALAS how little sinners think
With whom they have to do,
How unconvinc'd upon the brink
Of everlasting woe !

2. A haughty king in days of old
The God of heaven defi'd ;
The hand appear'd, he chill'd with cold,
Which broke his heart of pride.

3. He saw the writing on the wall,
He trembled on his throne ;
He felt forebodings of his fall,
The writings still unknown !

4. Why should he tremble at the view
Of what he could not read ?
His conscience smote him, and he knew,
His ruin was decreed !

5. Behold the wretch in deep distress,
His eyes with anguish roll ;
His quivering joints did well express
The terrors of his soul !

6. His heart could not be cheer'd with wine,
 His queen no peace afford ;
 Dear sinner lest this case be thine,
 Begin to seek the Lord.

7. *The law like this hand-writing stands,*
 And shows the wrath of God ;
 No way to answer law demands
 But by the Saviour's blood !

HYMN 97. C. M.

[*The second part.*]

MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
 Perdition and the dead ;
 What horrors seize the guilty soul,
 Upon a dying bed !

2. O how it dreads the mortal shore,
 And strives to make delay,
 Till death exerts his rapid force,
 And drives his soul away !

3. The inner man then swift descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Enters among the raging fiends,
 Himself a frightened ghost !

4. There crowds of wretched rebels lie,
 And groan in fiery chains ;
 Tortur'd in keen despair they cry,
 No gleam of hope remains !

5. Who can endure eternal death,
That burning wrath divine,
To draw an everlasting breath,
—May not that case be mine !

HYMN 98. C. M.

REPENT, the gospel herald cries,
No longer make delay ;
Those who reject the gospel, dies ;
Then haste, and come away.

2. O will you still provoke your God,
Surprising—dazing men ;
His proclamation sounds abroad,
And you're invited in.

3. Attend ye men of birth and fame,
Tremble, and pray, and fear ;
The book of debt contains your name ;
And soon you must appear !

4. Embrace the Saviour's offer now,
With tears your crimes confess ;
Your stubborn necks must break or bow,
Nor trifle with his grace !

5. What is the world with all its store,
That you call good and great ?
You gasp and gain, yet thirst for more,
Your joys are incomplete.

6. The rest you seek, will ne'er be found,
 Your sweets are mix'd with gall ;
 Your changing scenes on this low ground,
 You soon must leave them all !

HYMN 99.

O death, O judgment !

I HEAR the bell with solemn toll,
 Speak the departure of a soul ;
 I ask myself, and say, am I,
 Prepar'd, if now were call'd to die ?

2. Only this frail and fleeting breath,
 Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
 Soon as it fails, alas, I'm gone,
 And plung'd into a world unknown !

3. Then leaving all I lov'd below,
 To God and judgment I must go ;
 Shall hear the judge pronounce my fate,
 And fix my everlasting state !

4. How could I bear to hear him say,
 Depart ye cursed, haste away,
 With Satan in a burning hell
 Thou art forever doom'd to dwell !

5. Assist my trembling soul to flee,
 And seek her refuge Lord in thee ;

Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give ;
Subdue my sins, and bid me live.

6. Then when the mournful bell I hear,
If sav'd from sin, I need not fear ;
Nor would the tho't distressing be,
If the next summons call'd for me.

7. Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And long to hear my Saviour's voice,
That moment would I all resign,
Assur'd of heaven, if Christ be mine !

HYMN 100. L. M.

Good news.

COME sinner, saith the eternal God,
Tho' numerous as your crimes have been,
Lo ! I descend from mine abode,
To save the ruined sons of men.

2. No clouds of darkness veil my face,
No vengeful lightnings flash around ;
I offer terms of life and peace,
Where sin hath reign'd, let grace abound !

3. Yes Lord, we hear thy gracious call,
And to thy righteous sceptre bow,
O raise us from our dreadful fall,
And wash our souls as white as snow.

4. So shall our thankful lip repeat,
 Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
 While prostrate at the master's feet,
 We'll wonder, tremble, and rejoice !
5. By faith we view the Lamb of God,
 Wounded to death, and bath'd in blood,
 We look, believe, and venture near,
 The will of life divine is here.
6. All glory to the Lamb we cry,
 Who intercedes for us above,
 Only the God supreme on high
 Can show such grace, and dying love.

HYMN 101. L. M.

An alarm.

GOD over all who reigns on high,
 Almighty strong is his right hand ;
 When long provok'd his vengeance fly,
 That all creation can't withstand !

2. Witness old Satan and his crew,
 The first that ever dared rebel ;
 His flaming lightnings pierc'd them through,
 And chain'd them in a burning hell !
3. This Sodom felt, and feels it still ;
 Groaning beneath her dreadful load ;

With endless burnings who can dwell,
Or bear the fury of a God ?

4. My guilty brethren, now submit,
And fall before his gracious throne ;
Lay down your arms at Jesu's feet,
Or his strong arm will crush you down.

5. Ye guilty sons of Adam's race,
Your Saviour asks, " Why will ye die,"
No longer spurn at proffer'd grace,
But to the place of refuge fly,

6. And you the children of his love,
Bow, and adore his awful name ;
To your engagements faithful prove,
God is a bright and burning flame !

HYMN 102. L. M.

Law and Justice.

SINNERS awake, and lift thine eye,
Behold the balance lifted high ;
The law and justice there display'd
Where all your crimes and souls are weigh'd,

2. With trembling view the even scale,
The rule of right can never fail ;
Thy debt ten thousand talents be,
And thou as light as vanity.

3. Behold and see, the hand appears,
And draws most awful characters ;
Just like the writings on the wall,
Foretells thy dreadful certain fall !

4. Let terror all thy nerves embrace,
And quit thy horrid sinful race,
In all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And beg for mercy on thy soul.

5. There's yet one way that may prevail,
And only that will turn the scale ;
Fly, fly to Jesus for thy life,
And there will end thy sin and strife !

6. O strive to enter at the gate,
Altho' it's difficult and strait ;
Assistance you from God shall have,
And feel that Christ hath power to save.

HYMN 103. C. M.

Reproof.—All sevens.

SINNERS are you still secure,
Do you still refuse to pray ?
Can your stubborn heart endure
In that great and burning day ?

2. See Jehovah's arm is bar'd,
Awful terrors clothe his brow !

See the judgment seat prepar'd,
You must either break or bow.

3. At his presence nature shakes,
See the hills affrighted flee ;
Solid rocks will melt like wax,
What will then become of thee ?

4. How can you that day abide,
You who glory in your shame ;
Where's the place you'll find to hide,
God's a bright and burning flame.

5. Now comes down your haughty looks,
Ting'd with marks of black despair,
Then behold the judgment books,
All your sins are written there !

6. Sinners now your time improve,
Listen to the gospel voice,
Seek those blessed things above,
Leave the world's deceitful joys.

7. O my guilty brethren lend
To thy precious Saviour's name,
In his faith your journey end,
Then the judge will be your friend.

HYMN 104. C. M.

Awake! sleeper.

BEHOLD the black and gloomy cloud,
Which darkens sky and land,
What peels of thunder roll around,
Alas, the storm's at hand !

2. Then guilt and fear, the fruit of sin,
Doth wicked men pursue,
A louder storm is heard within,
For conscience thunders too !
3. The fiery law its thunder speaks
Then danger they perceive ;
Like Satan, who their ruin seeks,
They tremble and believe.
4. But when the sky serene appears,
And thunders cease to roar,
They soon forget their vows and fears,
And act as heretofore.
5. But where will guilty sinners flee,
When all creation's frame,
This pondrous earth, the sky and sea
Shall all dissolve in flame ?
6. O rocks and mountains on us fall,
Will be the sinner's cry,
We tremble at the solemn call ;
For O, the Judge is nigh !

7. But holy christians will rejoice,
In thunder's loudest strains,
They'll shout to hear the Saviour's voice,
And know that Jesus reigns.

HYMN 105. C. M.

A Rising Hope.

HOW satan and his men did rage,
Against the Saviour God ;
United forces did engage
To shed his precious blood.

2. His friends forsook him in surprise
When dangerous times began ;
And trembling Peter thus denies
He ever knew the man !

3. Man's self dependence will not stand,
O see his guilt and shame !
Good Lord uphold me by thy hand,
Lest I should do the same,

4. Behold the suffering Saviour turns,
On Peter casts his eyes ;
The wretch withdraws, he weeps and mourns,
And loud for mercy cries !

HYMN 106. L. M.

The Vision.

JOHN, in a vision saw the day

When Christ in glory shall come down,
Both heaven and earth shall flee away,
Before his awful gathering frown !

2. The dead, the living, small and great,
Rais'd by his voice from earth and sea,
Call'd to the bar to know their fate ;
Alas, what will become of me ?

3. Confus'd will be the sinner's looks,
Who at the bar of judgment then,
The judge will open all the books,
As wrote by an Almighty pen.

4. His sins to his remembrance brought,
And he expos'd to public view ;
His works, his words, and every thought,
Alas poor soul what wilt thou do ?

5. A wakened conscience then may read,
And must confess the charges true,
Say, O poor soul what can'st thou plead,
And in that hour what wilt thou do ?

HYMN 107. L. M.

Lamentation.

I, HERE amidst a people dwell,
Of harden'd hearts and lips unclean,

They often hear but do not feel,
Nor see the dreadful end of sin !

2. Their eyes against the light they close,
Their stubborn will oppose the word,
They choose to join in class with those
Who set their hearts against the Lord.

3. In works they do the Lord deny ;
I often fear they'll die unheal'd ;
They speak against the God most high,
While boasting in the hostile field !

4. O that their souls were once inclin'd,
To take the grace they might receive,
Perhaps they still may mercy find,
The Lord may speak and bid them live.

5. Alas, on what a fearful steep,
These thoughtless mortals still do go,
And O the dreadful fiery deep,
That moves to meet their fall below.

6. Sinners look back with holy dread,
And learn to prize thy gracious day;
Think on the rebels that are dead,
Nor lose thy soul through sad delay !

HYMN 108. C. M.

A Prayer for Sinners.

MAY this unhappy ruin'd race,
In Jesus be restor'd ;

O, bring the sinner face to face
With his forgiving Lord.

2. Thy goodness spares from year to year,
The aged and the young ;
May they at length incline the ear,
And flee the wrath to come !
3. Have mercy on the rising race,
In this their gracious hour ;
May they experience saving grace,
And feel the gospel power.
4. Sinners, we view your fearful state,
May you regard it too ;
We would a while ourselves forget,
And plead with God for you !
5. We see, if you perceive it not,
Your certain fearful doom ;
O tremble at the awful thought,
And flee the wrath to come.
6. The Saviour pleads for one more year,
Then sling thy wrath abroad—
The Prophet sounds in every ear,
“ Prepare to meet thy God !”

HYMN 109. C. M.

The Criminal's Cry.

ALAS my soul what shall I do,
Where can I be secure ?

The fiery law doth me pursue,
How can my heart endure !

2. With terror now the law I read,
My sins a heavy score ;
Their number all my thoughts exceed,
Like sands upon the shore.

3. They rise to heaven like Abel's blood !
Aloud for vengeance cry ;
They rouse the anger of a God
To strike me from the sky !

4. I own it's just, my case is plain,
And that my wretched choice ;
I have been warn'd and warn'd again,
But slighted mercy's voice.

5. Lord, may a rebel come to thee,
And still for mercy call ?
Almighty Saviour pity me—
A sinner worst of all !

6. The woes I feel are justly mine,
But oh, how great thy power ;
Now save my soul—the glory's thine,
And I shall thee adore !

HYMN 110. L. M.

The Penitent.

I FEEL the plague of inbred sin,
I feel unholy and unclean ;

The law requires a perfect heart,
But I'm defil'd in every part.

2. Almighty God create me new,
O change this heart, and make it true ;
I do with shame my sins confess,
I stand expos'd in deep distress.

3. I fall condemn'd before thy face,
My only hope is in thy grace ;
No outward forms can make me clean,
My deep pollution lies within.

4. O glorious Lord the blood alone,
Hath power to cleanse and to atone ;
Thy wonder working pow'r display
And turn my darkness into day.

5. O save a ruin'd sinner Lord,
Who hears and trembles at thy word,
Where shall I find one promise where,
To save from gloomy black despair.

6. My troubled spirit finds no ease,
A stranger to that bliss called peace ;
But, yet at times I feel a hope
That my dear Lord will raise me up !

HYMN 111. C. M.

No hiding from the Lord.

GOD is in this, and every place,
Yet, O how dark and void,

This world is but a wilderness
To those who have no God !

2. A darker soul did never yet
Thy light, and life implore,
O that I could my Saviour meet,
And never loose him more.

3. Now cast on me a pitying eye,
Both life and comfort give,
Behold me at the point to die,
But speak, and I shall live.

4. The pow'r of unbelief remove,
And manifest thy love ;
O let my soul no longer rove,
But bring me back to God.

5. Thy bloody sweat and dying groans
I make mine only plea,
Remember Adam's ruin'd sons ;
And Lord remember me !

HYMN 112. C. M.

Beware of Satan's devices !
I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flattering breath ;
How many ways the serpent forms
To cheat our souls to death.

2. He lulls the mind with pleasant dreams
 Or sinks with slavish fear,
 He holds the world in vast extremes,
 Presumption or despair !

3. He tells the youth, he's yet too young
 To think of God and death ;
 Will you eclipse your sun at noon,
 With sighs and gloomy breath ?

4. He tells the aged, they must die,
 It's now too late to pray ;
 In vain for mercy now you cry,
 For you have lost your day.

5. Thus he supports his gloomy throne
 With malice and deceit ;
 And drags the fallen sinners down
 To darkness and the pit !

6. Almighty God, cut short his power,
 Let him in darkness dwell ;
 That he destroy the men no more,
 Confine him down to hell !

HYMN 113. L. M.

The humble Suppliant.

AH, give me Lord my sins to mourn,
 My sins which hath thy body torn ;

Give me with broken heart to see
Thy last tremendous agony !

2. Here at thy tortur'd feet I lie,
Lord save a soul condemn'd to die ;
Let a poor wretch come near thy throne,
And plead the merits of thy son.

4. Here at thy cross my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy blood ;
What can I render Lord to thee,
Who bled, and groan'd, and di'd for me ?

5. Could I but gain the mountain's height
And gaze upon that awful sight,
O that with Salem's daughters I,
Could stand and see my Saviour die !

6. I'd smite my breast, and inly mourn,
And never from the cross return ;
I'd weep o'er an expiring God ;
And mix my tears with Jesus blood.

HYMN 114. L. M.

The sacrifice of a broken heart.

JESUS behold my broken heart,
For mercy, Lord to thee I cry ;
O ease this mental grievous smart,
Relieve me soon, or else I die !

2. On my poor heart a burden lies,
That all creation can't remove ;
My numerous sins like mountains rise,
Forgive me O, thou God of love.
3. Almighty arm break off my chains,
And set a suffering captive free,
O kind physician ease my pains,
That I may love and worship thee.
4. Eternal judge wilt thou despise
The prisoners groans, the broken sigh ?
O speak and bid my soul arise,
Come quickly Lord, or I must die.
5. Let every earthly friend depart,
And all connexion cease to love,
Let feelings leave the mother's heart ;
But let my soul thy goodness prove !
6. Here at thy cross I lay me down,
And if I die in deep despair
I'll look towards thy gracious throne,
And if I'm lost I'll perish there !

HYMN 115. C. M.

The struggling soul.

MY spirit's weary of my life,
While deep afflictions roll,

With me their's daily war and strife
The flesh against the soul.

2. Thro' pain I groan in weakness reel,
Yet I'll not murmer, Lord,
But charge myself with all I feel,
And own thy gracious rod.

3. With all my woes, myself I charge,
My punishment is just ;
My sufferings less than I deserve,
What e'er thou dost is best.

4. Like other fools I went astray,
Rebell'd against thy word ;
Thou didst convince, I saw the way,
But griev'd thy spirit Lord.

5. Now let a soul in deep distress
Come near thy gracious throne,
While I with shame my sins confess,
Let Jesu's blood atone.

6. The second death is what I dread,
Lest it should fall from thee ;
When this poor mortal frame is dead,
What will become of me ?

7. I fall dear Jesus at thy feet,
Aloud for mercy cry ;
Behold me from thy mercy seat,
Nor suffer me to die.

HYMN 116. C. M.

The leprosy of sin.

BEHOLD the leper at thy feet,
Here the polluted lies ;
I look toward thy mercy seat,
And upward cast mine eyes.

2. If groans and tears would now suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Ah, tears of blood from both mine eyes,
By day and night might flow

3. But no such sacrifice I plead
To wash away my guilt ;
I plead the tears my Saviour shed,
The precious blood he spilt !

4. Great God, for thine own mercy sake,
A guilty wretch restore ;
And let my suffering soul partake,
The pardon I implore.

5. Speak O my Lord the word of peace,
Relieve my trembling heart ;
Speak to the storm, and bid it cease,
And guilt will soon depart.

6. Thou art the sinners friend O Lord,
In Jesus now forgive ;

Will not the law approve the word
That bids the sinner live ?

HYMN 117. C. M.

A friendly warning.

THY message by thy servant seal,
Thy saving power be known ;
O let this congregation feel
The words are not mine own.

2. I once was in the sinful throng,
Rebell'd before thy face,
I knew I'd done thy justice wrong,
And spurn'd at offer'd grace.

3. But, O at length my Lord I found,
And now by him am sent,
To warn my fellow sinners round
And cause them to repent.

4. A gracious God is waiting still,
The vile may be forgiven ;
Come prove his mercy, try his skill,
Be born of God and heaven.

5. Delay the worst of dangers prove,
This call may be your last ;
The gift of God in Jesus prove,
Before your day is past !

6. Repeated calls you still refuse,
 His threats you disregard,
 If darkness be the way you choose,
 The same is your reward !

HYMN 118. C. M.

Minister's lamentation.

THE Saviour was a man of grief,
 A mourner all his days ;
 Yet once rejoic'd and cri'd aloud,
 And gave the Father praise.

2. Father I thank thy wondrous love,
 That hath reveal'd thy son,
 To men unlearned as to babes,
 To them thy truth is known.

3. The mysteries of thy saving grace,
 Are hidden from the wise,
 In them thy word can have no place,
 So pure in their own eyes.

4. The ruin'd sons of Adam's race,
 To sinful joys inclin'd,
 Reason has lost its native place ;
 And satan blinds the mind.

5. Indulge my grief a little space,
 Do not my tears forbid,

I mourn to see our ruin'd race,
To whom the Gospel's bid.

6. Look down good Lord in tender love,
Those ruin'd souls restore ;
When they repent, their guilt remove
And they will thee adore.

HYMN 119. C. M.

Weak in faith.

AH will the holy spirit rest
In such a heart as mine ?
Unworthy dwelling, glorious guest,
When thou art all divine.

2. When e'er I sink with gloomy fear,
Expire almost in night,
Lord, can thy spirit still be here,
Thou source of heavenly light.

3. But still the comforter is nigh,
For he sustains my heart,
Else all my hopes would faint and die,
And every ray depart.

4. In deep distress he cheers my soul,
Methinks I hear his voice,
He speaks the word, the storms control,
And makes my heart rejoice !

5. Now I can say my Lord is mine,
Which all my passions move ;
It surely is the power divine,
And God in Christ is love.

6. Now may I rest upon his word,
That rais'd me from the dust ;
And cleave to Christ my glorious Lord,
My life, my way, my trust.

HYMN 120. L. M.

Zion restored to order.

FROM age to age has man been driv'n,
From wisdoms way the way to heaven ;
When gracious Lord wilt thou restore
Thy Zion that she fall no more ?

2. Some thousand years are gone and pass'd,
Since from our Eden we were cast ;
And thus we've wander'd to and fro ;
O fix thy church to fall no more.

3. We long to hear the Lord proclaim,
I come my thousand years to reign ;
He then will set his Zion free,
And sound the glorious jubilee.

4. This sound shall favour every land,
The preachers fly at his command ;

Enlarge their borders to and fro,
Such times were never seen before ?

5. O hasten Lord that glorious day,
Come O Redeemer come away ;
Come with the sceptre in thy hand,
And rule the church by thy command.

6. Then shall the lofty prelates know
We have no head but Christ below ;
Himself the legislative God,
Who rules the kingdom by his word.

HYMN 121. C. M.

The longing soul.

O MIGHTY God; to me unknown,
If thro' the light of grace,
Convinc'd of sin, my soul doth mourn,
To see thy smiling face.

2. The veil of unbelief remove,
My crimes I now confess ;
Give me a new born soul to prove
The power of saving grace !

3. Thee, O my Lord I long to know,
One grain of faith impart ;
The gift unspeakable bestow,
And ease my troubled heart.

4. That God with me is reconcil'd
 I long to testify ;
 Then I, thy dear adopted child,
 Will Abba Father cry !

5. A soul in bondage still I am,
 But thou canst make me free,
 I feel a hope, I think I can
 Depose my soul with thee.

6. The pledge, the witness and the seal,
 When thou my portion art,
 Then I with sacred joy shall feel
 That Christ is in my heart !

HYMN 122. C. M.

The Struggling Soul.

COME sinner in whose troubled breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve ;
 Come with your broken heart oppress'd
 And make this last resolve :

2. I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sins
 Hath like a mountain rose ;
 I see his courts, I'll enter in
 Tho' earth and hell oppose.

3. I'll say, My Lord I am undone
 Without thy saving grace ;

O dear Redeemer quickly come,
No longer hide thy face.

4. I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv'd to try ;

Without his precious blood, I know
I shall forever die !

5. Who knows but he may bid me rise
And speak my sins forgiv'n
And I awake in sweet surprise
And taste the joys of heaven

6. Then will I run my christian race,
With saints my portion take,
Dream of my Saviour and his grace,
Till in his arms I 'wake !

HYMN 123.

The sting of death is Sin.

HOW free would I consent to lie,
Down on my dying bed.
And ask an angel to convey
My soul to Christ my head.

2. My soul would rise and stretch her wing,
To seek that happy place,
If death had only his lost sting
He'd bear an angel's face.

3. Wou'd Jesus bear my sins away,
 'Tis sin creates my fears,
 'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
 And all the arms he bears.
4. If my tormenting guilt were gone,
 And death had lost his sting,
 My soul could cry, Come angels come,
 And bear me on your wings.
5. Then haste away my ling'ring days,
 Let me with angels meet,
 Tbo' death may have a cold embrace,
 But grace can make it sweet.
6. I'd soon curtail my three score years,
 And fly to Jesu's arms ;
 I'd lose my breath with all my cares
 Amidst those heavenly charms.

HYMN 124. C. M.*Jesus is the highest name.*

HOW great and glorious is the name,
 Of our Almighty King ;
 Thrice, holy, Lord the angels cry,
 Thrice holy, Lord we sing !

2. The brightest lamp with him compar'd,
 Will show an aspect dim ;
 The perfect angels have a shade,
 When once compar'd to Him !

3. Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight ;
But sinners, and their wicked ways
Are hateful in his sight.

4. The deepest reverence of the mind,
My soul shall pay to God :
Lift, with my hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode !

5. With sacred awe pronounce his name,
That words nor thoughts can reach,
A broken heart will please him more,
Than the best forms of speech.

6. O holy Jesus cleanse my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are my delight,
And they thy face shall see.

HYMN 125. C. M.

The Struggling Soul.

With tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, O God ;
My unbelief and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2. Where is the heart so mean ; so base,
So false as mine has been :

So faithless to its promises,
So full of guilt and sin !

3. My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just and true ;
I know whatever God demands,
Is his most righteous due.

4. Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
Her doctrines I approve :
But still I find it hard t' obey,
Yet harder still to love !

5. How long great Saviour shall I feel
These struggles in my breast ?
I pray thee break my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest.

6. Almighty Saviour break the charm,
And set the prisoner free :
O Lord reveal thy mighty arm,
And haste to rescue me.

HYMN 126. S. M.

Faithful followers are safe.

LET saints with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks ;
No angel harp such music yields,
As when our shepherd speaks.

2. "I know my sheep," he cries,
They track my footsteps well,
I'll shield them from the world's disguise,
And from the rage of hell.
3. I feed my faithful few,
With tokens of my love ;
But richer pastures in my view,
Prepar'd for them above.
4. Eternity of bliss,
I to my sheep will give ;
And while my throne unshaken stands,
My faithful ones shall live.
5. Enough my gracious Lord,
Thy humble followers cry,
We lean upon thy faithful word,
And on thy promise die.

HYMN 127. C. M.

In every thing give thanks.

I THANK my Lord for what I see,
For what I read and hear ;
For all thy kindness Lord to me,
I thank thee for thy fear.

2. I thank thee for thy sacred book
Where I can read thy word,
'Tis there I can with pleasure look,
And lean upon the Lord.

3. I thank thee Lord for men to preach,
 The doctrines of thy word ;
 While some exhort and others teach
 The precepts of the Lord.
4. I thank my Lord for news from heaven,
 And light to guide me home,
 O may I live and die forgiven,
 Then bid thy servant ‘ come.’
5. I thank thee for the breath I draw,
 For every pulse I feel ;
 For promis’d good I never saw,
 Thou wilt reveal to me.
6. Permit me Lord to see thy face,
 My great Almighty King,
 And plunge me in thy glorious grace,
 Ah, then I’ll sweetly sing.

HYMN 128. C. M.*Spiriuual Singing.*

LET all who love the Lord rejoice,
 With anthems old and new ;
 Amidst the church lift up the voice,
 The gracious wonder shew.

2. Saints are the people of his grace,
 Shall they re use to sing ?
 While friendly hearers join the praise
 Of our Almighty King.

3. The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
 The children of his care ;
 Although their bodies turn to dust,
 Their souls disdain to fear.
4. Christians may praise their gracious King.
 Yea, on a dying bed ;
 And like the souls in glory sing,
 For God shall raise the dead.
5. When Christ to judge mankind descends,
 And bids the world appear ;
 Thrones He'll prepare for all his friends,
 For, they'll attend him there !
6. To see A polion bound in chains,
 What joy will that afford,
 Such triumphs for the bless'd remains,
 O love, and praise the Lord !

HYMN 129 Sevens.

Doubts with Torment.

LORD I cannot let thee go,
 'Till a blessing thou bestow ;
 Do not turn from me thy face,
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case !

2. Dost thou ask me who I am ?
 Ay, my Lord, thou know'st my name ;

One of Adam's ruin'd race,
Crying now for saving grace !

3. Thou did'st once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blind and bold,
All thy threats did I defy ;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I !

4. Then awaken'd—near despair,
Up to thee I sent my prayer,
Mercy heard, and set me free
My salvation came from thee.

5. Many doubts I've had since then,
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but thou ?

6. Thou did'st help in time of need,
Thou did'st give me grace to plead,
After so much mercy past,
Wilt thou let me die at last ?

7. Clear my doubts and fears away,
Turn my darkness into day ;
How can I denial take,
When I plead—for Jesu's sake !

HYMN 130. C. M.

Right Pleading.

THE Lord doth justly bide his face,
But Jesus pleads my cause ;

Tho' I have slighted offer'd grace,
And oft transgress'd his laws !

2. But now my soul with terror hears
The sentence of thy word ;
My flesh and trembling spirit fears
The judgments of the Lord !

3. Mine eyes with expectation fail,
Mine inmost spirit cries,
Let intercession now prevail,
And bid the sinner rise.

4. My soul desires to know thy word,
Thou know'st it is my choice ;
Not all that nature can afford,
Could make me so rejoice.

5. O that the joyful time was come,
To end my sore distress,
If God will bring the stranger home,
I'll praise him while I've breath.

6. Methinks I see a gleam of hope,
My fluttering heart doth cry ;
Jesus will lift the fallen up,
Nor suffer me to die !

HYMN 131. C. M.

The Contrite Heart.—Rom. vii.
THY loving kindness so divine,
On contrite hearts bestow,

Then tell me, O my God, is mind
That contrite heart or no ?

2. I hear, but almost hear in vain,
My heart is hard like steel ;
And what I feel is only pain,
But joy I cannot feel.

3. At times I think I feel inclin'd
To love thee if I cou'd ;
But soon I feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good !

4. Thy holy law to me reveals
That I am nought but sin ;
The gospel light is yet conceal'd,
But death and wrath within !

5. Thy saints are bless'd with peace below,
And love thy house of pray'r,
Sometimes I meet where christians go,
Yet find no comfort there !

6. Now let the Spirit's law of life,
Relieve this soul of mine,
And end this wretched war and strife,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 132. C. M.

Narrowly escaped.

LORD, when I read the rebel's doom,
When to the pit consign'd,
What trembling fear, and holy hope
Doth oft affect my mind !

2. A grievous sinner I have been,
But sav'd by matchless grace,
Or else the deepest, hottest hell
Must surely been my place !

3. I by the law was justly judg'd
Yet madly rushed on,
And there in my eternal doom
Thy justice might have shone.

4. By matchless grace and dying love,
Thy mercy Lord I own,
I find that I have free access
To thy most gracious throne !

5. I'm numbered now amongst the saints,
I bow at Jesu's feet,
And have a hope of that bless'd world
Where saints and angels meet.

6. There all the followers of the lamb,
Join in immortal songs
And endless glory to his name,
Employ their happy tongues.

HYMN 133. L. M.

The burdened Sinner's Prayer.

O THAT my load of sin were gone ;
 O that I could at last submit ;
 At Jesu's feet to lay me down,
 To lay my soul at Jesu's feet.

2. Rest for my soul I long to find :
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

3. Break off the yoke of inbrsd sin,
 And set my strug'ling spirit free :
 I cannot rest till pure within,
 Till I can love and worship thee.

4. Fain would I learn of thee, my God.
 Thy light and easy burden prove ;
 To bear thy cross all stain'd with blood,
 The labour of thy dying love.

5. I look to thee my Lord for power,
 My burden'd soul from sin release ;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour :
 Let me enjoy my Father's peace.

6. Come, Lord ! the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy promise long delay ;

Appear in my poor heart appear ;
My great deliverer,—come away !

HYMN 134. C. M.

The unutterable language of a tortur'd Slave.

IN freedom's land still slav'ry reigns,
The iron rod I feel :
No law to break my gaulding chains,
But I'm a prisoner still !

2. Why was poor slave for mercy made,
Or why he live so long ?

Why not conceal'd among de dead
But ah, the wretch too young !

3. Can the great spirit of the skies
Feel, any love for me ?

No, he possess'd of purer eyes
Than I his face should see.

4. Of all the fallen human race,
A slave below de fall ;

He born, and rais'd in deep disgrace,
If slave be man at all !

5. But preacher say, dat God not man,
Dat slaves may go to heaven ;

Den me will pray well as I can,
Till all my sin forgiv'n.

HYMN 135. L. M.

A soul rising.

JESUS see my panting breast,
See I pant in thee to rest ;
Pardon Lord, and make me clean ;
Cleanse my soul from every sin.

2. Dust and ashes tho' we be,
Prone to sin and misery ;
Thine we are, O son of God ;
Are we bought with Jesu's blood !

3. He who on thy name believes,
He the pardon soon receives ;
Sees with joy thy smiling face,
Shouts and sings redeeming grace !

4. Grace and mercy can there be
At thy throne reserved for me ?
Can the judge his wrath forbear ?
Lord, the chief of sinners spare.

5. If I rightly read thy heart,
Love and goodness as thou art,
Let Jehovah's pity move,
Wrath be melted into love !

6. Let thy tender mercy fall,
Now my ruined soul recall ;

All my former sins forget,
Let me fall and kiss thy feet !

HYMN 136. L. M.

Joyful news for sinners,

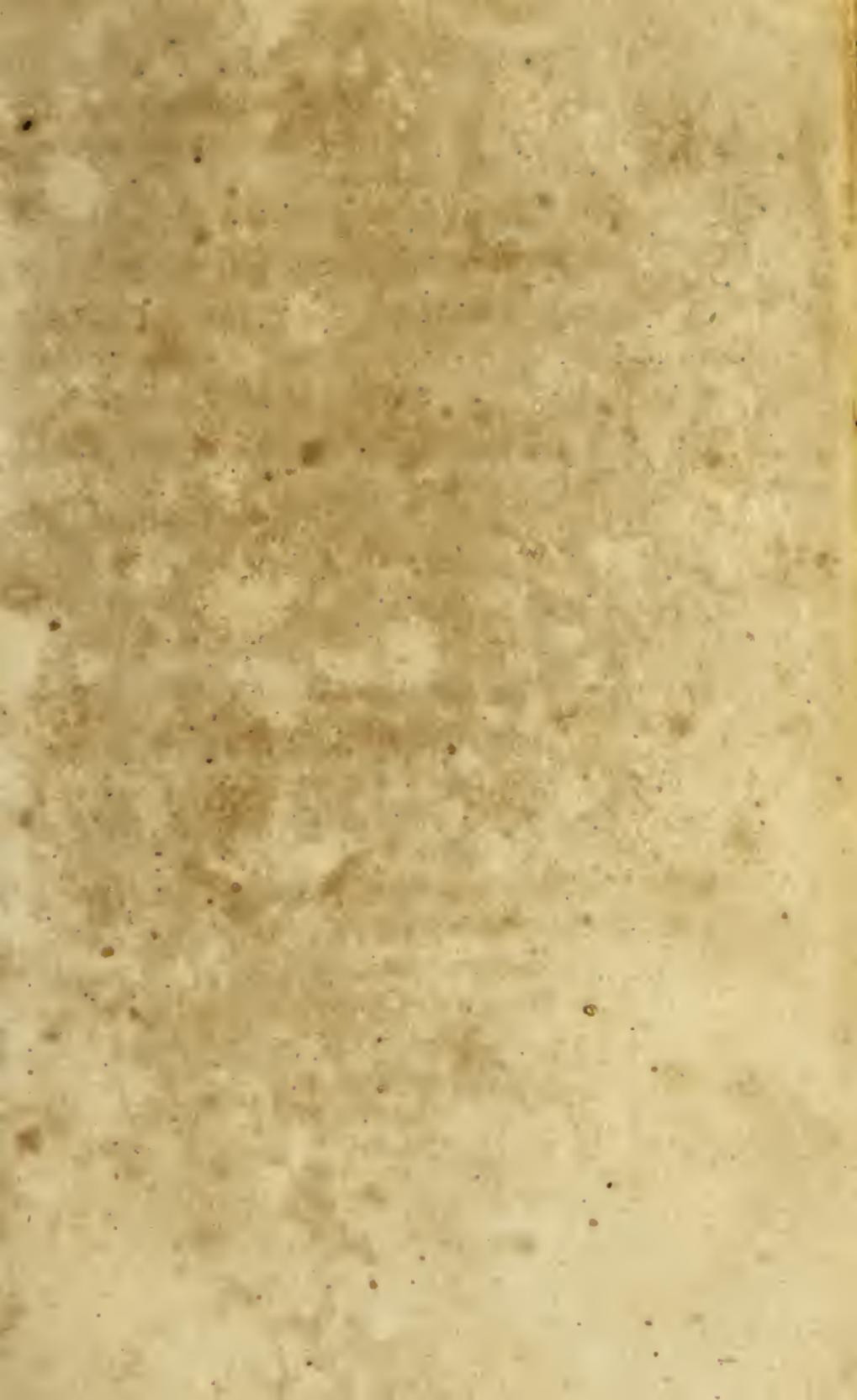
ANGELS roll away the rock,
Satan's power now is broke ;
Jesus rises from his tomb,
Death and satan's overcome !

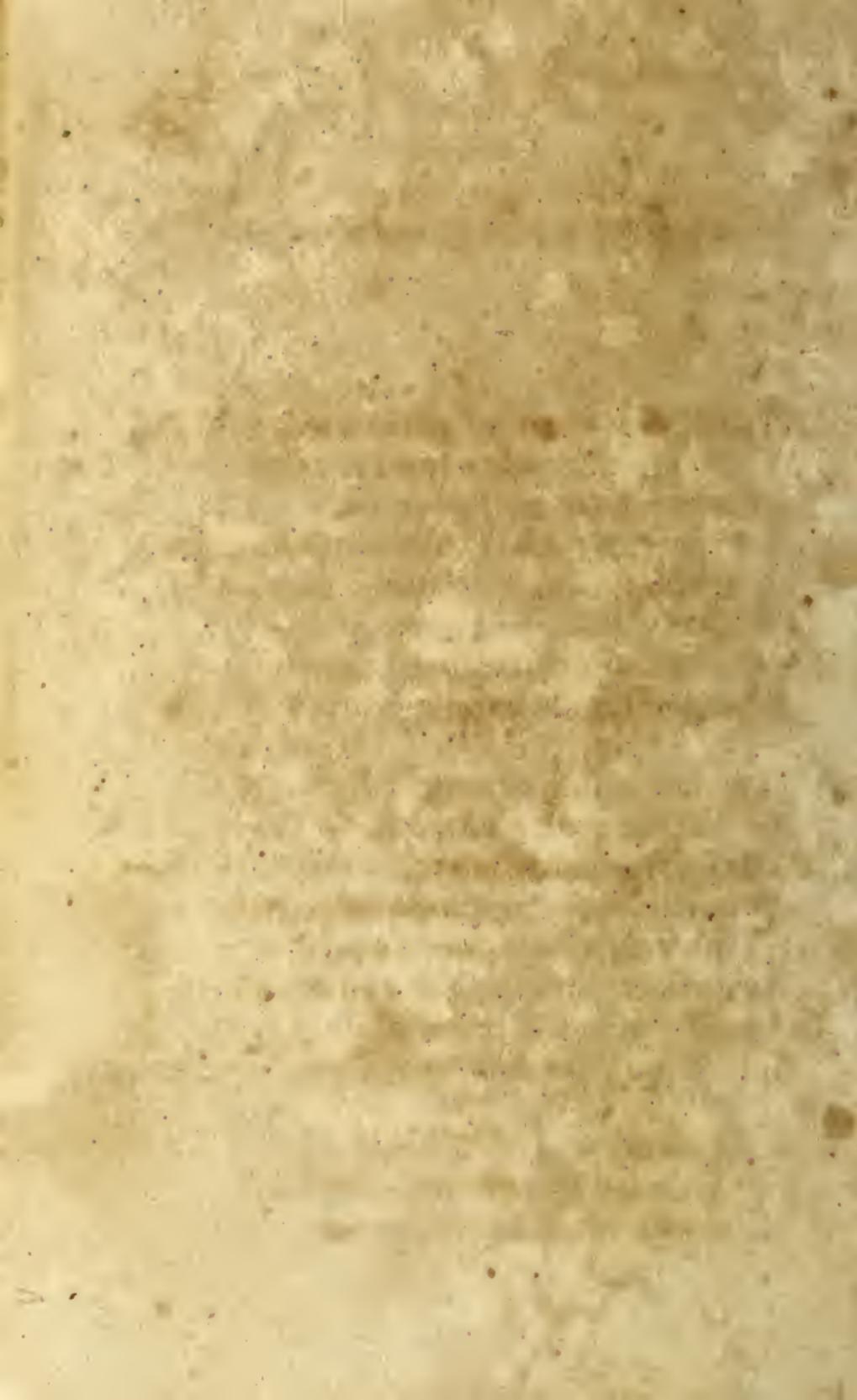
2. Lo, he takes his life again,
Now to live and ever reign ;
All the world may be forgiv'n
Since the glorious Lord is ris'n.

3. Lord may such a wretch as I,
Self condemn'd and doom'd to die,
Ever hope to be forgiv'n
Notwithstanding Christ is ris'n ?

4. Here's a stone I pray thee roll
From my dark and ruin'd soul,
Hardness from my heart remove,
Melt me down with dying love,







SPIRITUAL SONGS.

THERE is a world of pleasure
Where joy and peace forever reigns ;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there my soul shall rest from pain,
Long darkness dwelt around me,
I scarcely saw one glimpse of day ;
But since the Saviour found me,
A lamp hath shone along my way.

2. My way is full of danger !
But 'tis the path that leads to God ;
And like a valiant soldier,
I'll march along my heavenly road.
But, I must gird my sword on,
My helmet, breast-plate and my shield,
And fight the hosts of satan,
Until I gain the heavenly field.

3. I am on my way to Zion,
Still guarded by my Saviour's hand ;
O come with me poor sinner,

SONGS.

And view Emanuel's happy land,
To all who stay behind me,
I bid a long adieu ;
O come, or you'll repent it,
When death and judgment is in view !

4. A vale of tears surround me,
And Jordan's current rolls before,
It almost makes me tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar,
But Jesus can support me
And keep my soul from sinking there,
From sinking down to darkness,
And from the horrors of despair !

5. The streams shall affright me,
Altho' they're deeper than the grave,
While Jesus stands so near me,
I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave,
His word can calm the ocean,
His lamp can cheer the gloomy vale,
O may this friend be with me,
When thro' the gates of death I sail !

6. Come then thou king of terrors,
And with thy weapons lay me low,
Then I shall reach the mansions
Where everlasting pleasures flow.
O christians shall I leave you,
No more to join your social band,

No more to see your faces
Till at the judgment bar we stand.

7. When Gabriel's awful trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature,
Shall in a moment cease to roll ;
Then we shall see the Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his faithful servants home.

8. O see the righteous joining,
With joyful haste their Saviour meet,
Their souls and bodies shining,
Their former praises to repeat ;
They give the praise and glory
To whom it is most justly due,
To Father Son and Spirit,
With anthems loud, and ever new.

SONG 2.

WHILE sorrows encompass me round,
And endless distresses I see,
Astonish'd I cry, can a mortal be found,
That's surrounded with troubles like me ;

2. Some hours of praise I enjoy,
But they are succeeded with pain ;

If moments of pleasure divine I employ,
I have hours and days to complain.

3. O when shall my sorrows subside,
And when will my sufferings cease?

Ah when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd,
To the mansions of glory and bliss!

4. May I be prepar'd for that day,
When Jesus shall bid me remove,
And fill'd with his power, go shouting away
To the arms of his heavenly love.

5. No sorrows be vented that day,
When Jesus hath called me home,
With singing & shouting let each brother say,
He is gone from the evil to come!

6. If souls disembodi'd can know,
Or union with mortals can have,
I hope I shall join you, as shouting I go,
As you lay my poor corps in the grave.
As you lay &c.

7. Immers'd in the ocean of love,
I then like an angel shall sing, [bove,
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from a-
And make all creation to ring!
And make &c.

SONGS.

8. Our slumbering dust shall obey,
And swifter than thought shall arise ;
Renew'd in a moment go shouting away,
To the mansions of love in the skies !
To the &c.

SONG 3.

MOVE on ye weary travellers dear,
By sorrows oft oppress'd
The way is straight, and truth is clear
That leads to glorious rest.
Thro' chilling winds, and beating waves,
And waters deep and cold,
In Jesus Christ your trust is laid,
Take courage and be bold.

2. Tho' storms and hurricanes arise
The deserts all around,
And fiery serpents oft surprise
In this enchanted ground !
Dark clouds and nights of gloomy fears
Stand in the pilgrim's way,
Sometimes a smile, and then a tear :
They run and long for day !

3. We're like the lonesome dove,
That mourns her absent mate,
From hill to hill, from vale to vale
Her sorrows to relate :

SONGS.

But Canaan just before us lies,
The spring is coming on ;
A few more beating winds at most,
And winter will be gone.

4. By faith I now begin to see
The borders of the land ;
The trees of life appear to me,
In beauteous order stand ;
O that my faith were strong to rise,
And bear my soul away,
I'd shout salvation to the Lamb,
In one eternal day !

5. Sometimes this heavenly sight appears
Before my blessed eyes
I realize Jerusalem a city in the skies !
Bright angels whisper me away,
O come my brother come.
I would be gone no longer stay
From mine eternal home.

6. Farewell my brethren in the Lord,
Who are for glory bound ;
Be it according to his word,
Till the last trumpets sound,
With joy I hope we'll meet again,
On Canaan's peaceful shore,
When free'd from trouble, grief and pain,
And we shall part no more.

SONG 4.

BRIGHT scenes of glory strike my mind,
And all my passions capture,
Eternal beauties round me shine,
Infusing warmest rapture ;
I dive in pleasures deep and full,
In swelling waves of glory ;
I feel the Saviour in my soul,
And groan to tell my story !

2. I feast on honey, milk and wine,
I drink perpetual sweetness ;
Mount Zion's glory thro' me shine,
While Christ unfolds his greatness ;
No mortal tongue can speak my joy,
Nor can angel tell them ;
Ten thousand times surpassing all
Terrestrial worlds or emblems.
Terrestrial worlds &c.

3. My captivated spirit's fly
Thro' shining worlds of beauty ;
Dissolv'd in blushes, loud I cry
In praises high and mighty :
And here I'll sing and swell the strains
Of harmony delighted,
And with the millions learn the notes
Of saints in Christ united ? &c.

4. The bliss that rolls thro' those above,
The souls in glory seated,

SONGS.

Which causes them to sing so loud,
Ten thousand times repeated ;
Dart thro' my soul in radient flames,
Constraining loudest praises ;
O'erwhelming all my powers with joy
Till all within me blazes !
Till all &c.

5. When earth and seas shall all decline,
And all their glory perish,
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
And stars at midnight languish ;
My joys refin'd shall higher rise,
Mount up in radient glory ;
And tell to all above the skies,
Love's all immortal story ! &c.
“ And tell to all” &c.

SONG 5.

HOSANNA to Jesus,
My soul is amazed,
Come O my dear brethren and help me to sing,
No theme is so charming,
No love is so warming,
As to be adoring our excellent King.
Hosanna is ringing,
O how I love singing, [name.]
There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his
The angels in glory,
Repeat the glad story,
Of Jesus forever, forever the same !

2. Hosanna to Jesus,
Who suffer'd to save us ;
I'll tell of his goodness wherever I go.
Tho. he is in heaven,
The Spirit is given,
To quicken and comfort his children below ;
Hosanna forever,
His grace like a river,
Is rising and spreading all over the land,
His love is like heaven,
So freely is given,
While angels attend us at Jesu's command.

3. Hosanna to Jesus,
O how it doth please us
To see the lost sinners come flocking to God ;
To see them arising,
'Tis truly surprising, [blood.
To hear them declare they have peace thro' his
Hosanna's are ringing,
O how I love singing ;
The praising of Jesus and tasting his love ;
O this is like heaven,
The earnest is given ;
It comes from the presence of Jesus above.

4. Hosanna to Jesus,
To christians how precious,
How sweet the refreshing sent down by the dove;

My heart is now glowing,
 My cup overflowing,
 I'm sure that my Saviour I really do love !
 Hosanna's are ringing,
 The christians are singing,
 While marching to glory in royal bright bands;
 The promise is given,
 We're moving for heaven,
 The king he is waiting with crowns in his hands!

SONG 6.

Redemption.

COME all ye living mortals here,
 The joyful news I'll tell ;
 The Lord has brought salvation near,
 To rescue souls from hell :
 'Twas angels brought the tidings down
 To shepherds in the field,
 That God in Christ is reconcil'd,
 The secret now reveal'd !

CHORUS.

*Sing glory, glory to the Lord,
 Salvation to our King ;
 Let all that's wash'd in Jesu's blood,
 His glorious praises sing !*

2. Come mourning and afflicted souls
 Draw near to God by prayer ;
 He will his boundless love unfold,
 In mercy meet you there ;

His glorious presence fills the soul
With joyful songs of praise ;
Let those that's wash'd in Jesu's blood,
Their hearts and voices raise !

Sing glory, &c.

3. Believers feel it in their soul,
It flows from heaven above ;
Which makes them praise their God so bold,
And his dear children love.
I'll serve the blessed Lamb of God,
I love his ways so well ;
Because he shed his precious blood
To save my soul from hell !

Sing glory, &c.

4. The blessed Mary went to seek
Her Lord entomb'd in stone,
The napkin, and the winding sheet
She saw within the tomb ;
An angel said, " He is not here,"
But's risen from the dead ;
And streams of grace as freely flow
As freely as he bled !

CHORUS.

Eternal glory to my King,
Now seated on his throne ;
Inviting sinners home to him,
And claims them for his own.

SONG 7.

The expected Reformation.

What sound is this salutes mine ear,
 The great reform is drawing near ;
 Long look'd for, soon will come :
 The time will move both earth and sea,
 Just like a glorious Jubilee
 The church returning home !
 The church, &c.

2. Immerging from the wilderness,
 Appears in all her shining dress ;
 All glorious like the sun :
 Illuminated by the Lamb,
 Behold the New-Jerusalem !
 As when she first begun, &c.

3. The bridegroom takes her to his arms,
 And she transported with his charms ;
 All heaven begins to sing :
 Now freed from former grief and pain,
 The church unites in Christ again,
 Their God their head and King, &c.

4. A grand division now takes place,
 A work of God, a work of grace ;
 As ancient prophets said :
 The precious taken from the vile
 Enough to make an angel smile,
 To see the light display'd, &c.

.5 The mountains of corruption fall,
When Christ becomes their all in all

Their head and corner stone :
He gives them laws, they bless the word,
And cheerfully obey their Lord ;

And hand in hand go on :

And hand. &c.

6. But after this the world shall hear,
The last loud trumpet shrill and clear ;

Creation feels the sound :
The angel turns the moon to blood,
Blows out the sun and dries the flood ;
And burns the solid ground. And, &c.

7. Now all the nations must come forth,
From east, from west, the north and south,

Jesus the Judge is coms ;
What rapture fills the pious breast,
Prepar'd to meet the solemn test,
And hear their welcome home.

And hear, &c.

SONG 8.

A call to the rising race.

YOUNG people all attention give,
And hear what I shall say,
I want your precious souls should live
In everlasting day ;

Remember you are pressing on
To death's dark gloomy shade,
Your carnal joys will soon be gone,
Your flesh in dust be laid.

2. Death's iron gate you must pass through,
Reflect, my dear young friends ;
Alas, alas, what will you do,
Where will your follies end ?
Premeditate, it's not too late,
You're in a gospel land ;
Behold thy Saviour still doth wait
With pardon in his hands !

3. Young men, how can you turn your back
From such a glorious friend ?
Will you reject his offer'd grace,
Consider well the end !
Will you pursue the fearful road,
That leads direct to hell ?
Do you refuse all peace with God,
In darkness choose to dwell !

4. Young ladies too, what will you do,
If unconverted die ?
From joys below, to endless wo,
To weep, lament and cry !
Where none, the least relief can bring
To mitigate your pain ;
Reflection, O that bitter sting,—
You'll wish for time again !

5. My dear young friends remember well,
There's danger in delay,
How many wretched souls in hell,
Who once enjoy'd a day !
How soon the Lord may stop thy breath,
And close the door of hope ;
As you refus'd to pray on earth,
In vain may you look up !

6. Repentance, once it is too late
No mortal can explain,
O horrid, nameless, wretched state,
Involv'd in fire and pain ;
Like ruin'd Esau you may mourn,
For drops of water cry !
But no kind answer in return,
But still in torment lie !

SONG 9.

Rapture.

BRIGHT mansions of eternal love
Lies just before mine eye,
Had I but wings like Noah's dove,
I'd to those mansions fly :
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outfly the wind,
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

2. But I'm a prisoner here below
 In anguish, pain and smart ;
 At times my trouble I forego,
 When love surrounds my heart ;
 In darkest shadows of the night,
 Faith mounts the upper sky ;
 There I behold my hearts delight,
 And wou'd rejoice to die !

3. I view the monster death, and smile,
 Since he has lost his sting ;
 Tho' satan rages all the while
 I still the triumph sing :
 I hold my Saviour in my arms,
 And will not let him go,
 I'm so delighted with his charms,
 No other good I know.

4. A few more days or years at most,
 My troubles will be o'er :
 I hope to join the heavenly hosts,
 On that delightful shore :
 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
 In love's unbounded sea ;
 The glorious hope of endless rest,
 Brings pleasing views to me !

Second part. 10.

COME O Redeemer, come away,
 And bear me through the sky,

Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,
 Make speed and bring it nigh ;
I long to see thy glorious face,
 And in thine image shine ;
To triumph in thy glorious grace,
 And be forever thine,

2. Then I will tune my harp of gold,
 To mine eternal King :
Eternity can ne'er be told,
 I'll still go on to sing ;
I'll hail the 'ternal Son of God,
 Who di'd on calvary,
And sav'd me by his precious blood,
 From endless misery !

3. Millions of millions join in one,
 And sweetly all agree,
To praise the Father in the Son,
 In perfect harmony :
The Holy Ghost flows thro' the throng,
 Like pure celestial fire ;
Immortal feelings raise the song,
 Still higher, Lord, and higher !

SONG 11.

MY soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue,
Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a song ;
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

2. Methinks they're descending to hear while I sing,

Well pleas'd to hear angels thus praising their King ;

O angels, O angels, my soul's in a flame,
I sink in sweet raptures at Jesus's name.

3. O Jesus my Saviour, thou balm of my soul,
'Twas thee my Redeemer that made my heart whole ;

O bring me to view thee, thou precious sweet King,

In oceans of glory, thy praises to sing !

4. O heavens, sweet heavens, I long to be there,
To meet all my brethren, and Jesus more dear :
Come angels, come angels, I'm ready to fly,
With a flaming bright convoy to God in the sky.

5. Sweet spirits attend me till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me till I am call'd home ;
Tho' worms, my poor body, may claim as their prey,

It will outshine when rising, the sun at noon day.

6. The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd to blood,

The world all on fire by the vengeance of God ;
The lightnings a blazing, while thunders do roar,
All this cannot daunt me on Canaan's sweet shore !

7. The thoughts of bright glory, o'erpow'rs my soul,

I sink in sweet visions, to view the bless'd goal ;
My soul while I'm singing, is leaping to go ;
This moment, for heaven, I'd leave all below !

8. Fare ye well my dear brethren, my Lord bids me come,

Farewell my dear children, I'm now going home !
Kind angels are whisp'rning so sweet in my ear,
Away to my Saviour, my spirit they'll bear !

9. I'm going, I'm going—but what do I see ?

'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me,

To heaven, to heaven, I'm gone, I am gone ;

O glory, O glory, it is done, it is done !

SONG 12.

For perfect love.

COME O my God for Jesu's sake

And bid my heart be clean ;

An end of inbred evil make,

A final end of sin ;

Expel all evil from my heart,

By Jesu's gracious power,

More of thy nature Lord impart,

That I may doubt no more !

2. For pure religion, Lord I pray,

To perfect love restore ;

Translate my soul to opeu day,
 That I may love thee more :
 This moment I thy truth confess,
 This moment I believe ;
 Now grant my soul that second rest,
 For by thy love I live.

3. Let christian friendship be reviv'd
 And never cool again ;
 Let each for heavenly union strive,
 While all in Christ remain ;
 Let error no more make us part,
 But all in truth agree ;
 Unite us in one mind and heart,
 The mind that was in thee !

4. Grant this, and then from things below
 With joy we can remove ;
 Our souls a second change shall know
 When bless'd with perfect love ;
 With ease thro' death's dark gloom we'll glide,
 So fill'd with Jesu's love,
 With kindred angels swiftly ride
 To join the church above !

SONG 15.

The Shepherd.

WHILE my Saviour, my Shepherd is near,
 How quickly my sorrows depart ;

New beauties around me appear,
New vigor enlivens my heart ;
His presence gives peace to my soul.
And satan assaults me in vain,
While my shepherd his power controls,
I think I no more shall complain.

2. But alas, what a change do I find
When my shepherd withdraws from my sight;
My fears all return to my mind,
My day is soon chang'd into night ;
Then satan his effort renews,
To vex and ensnare me again ;
All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
Can only lament and complain.

3. By these changes I often pass through,
I'm taught my own weakness to know,
I am taught what my shepherd can do,
How much to his mercy I owe ;
It is he that supports me thro' all,
When I faint, he revives me again ;
He attends to my pray'r when I call,
And bids me no more to complain.

4. O why should I murmur and grieve,
When Jesus is always the same ?
He promises never to leave
The soul that confides in his name.

To relieve me from all that I fear,
 He was buffeted, tempted and slain ;
 And at length he will surely appear,
 Ah, then, I no more shall complain.

5. While I dwell in an enemy's land,
 Can I hope to be always at peace ?
 'Tis enough that my shepherd's at hand,
 And shortly my warfare will cease :
 For soon he will bid me remove,
 From this region of sorrow and pain,
 To abide in his presence above,
 And then, I no more shall complain.

SONG 14.

The Earthquake.

OUR fertile earth we tho't complete,
 But, O, the fearful shock !
 Creation trembles under feet,
 The mountains reel and rock ,
 The heaving seas, the parting ground;
 How fearful is the sight ;
 The waters flowing all around,
 How gloomy is the night !

2. The trembling mother shrieks for aid,
 Her babes cling all around ;
 Will God destroy the world he made ?
 Hark, hark, the dreadful sound,

Swift as the shock dismay is spread,
And trembling sinners say,
Where shall we hide our guilty heads
When earth itself gives way ?

3. If up to heaven we lift our eyes,
The offended judge is there,
And all beneath the gloomy skies
Is wo and black despair !
But hath not God to Noah said,
‘ I’ll drown the world no more,’
And in the east his bow is made,
To seal that promise sure ?

4. But, ah, is this the hateful spot,
On which his wrath must fall,
Like disobedient Korah’s lot
As sinners chief of all !
The earth extends her opening’ mouth,
To swallow up its prey ;
New dismal rumbling from the south
To sweep us all away !

5. We do repent, we will reform,
Be subject to thy will ;
O Jesus speak unto the storm,
And bid the world be still !
The earth will settle in her bed,
And calm the quivering trees ;
The raging seas must bow their head,
When their commander please !

Minister speaks.

6. Submit before thy judge draw nigh,
And comes in vengeance down ;
Thou wilt in vain to mountains cry
To hide you from his frown,
For if this warning proves in vain,
Say sinner, dost thou know
How soon the shock may come again,
And prove thy overthrow !

7. How bless'd are they who love the flock,
And God their Saviour know ;
Their feet are planted on a rock,
No storms can overthrow ;
Should all these towering hills be hurl'd
And sunk beneath the seas,
And strong convulsions wreck the world,
Their souls could rest in peace.

8. In Zion stands a tried stone,
For a foundation laid ;
On which the righteous build upon,
Nor need they be dismay'd ;
Jesus their great almighty chief,
Can keep his own from ill,
There's not a hill nor shaking leaf,
Can move against his will !

9. We wait to hear a greater sound,
Come clangering through the skies,

Awake ye nations under ground,
 Ye scattered bones arise !
 Then we shall leave this tottering globe,
 On wings of love shall fly ;
 And view the glorious house of God,
 Eternal in the sky !

10. That sure foundation ne'er can move,
 It stands eterna strong ;
 It's built upon the eternal word
 The Father in the Son ;
 The streets are richly pav'd with gold,
 Bright shining as the sun ;
 And there I hope to rest my soul,
 When earthquakes all are done !

SONG 15.

Feeble Christian.

JESUS thou art the sinners friend,
 As such I look to thee,—
 Now in the bowels of thy love,
 O Lord remember me.—*Repeat.*

2. Remember thy pure words of grace,
 Remember Calvary,
 Remember all thy dying groans,
 And then remember me; &c.

3. Thou wondrous advocate with God;
 I yield myself to thee,

Now thou art seated on thy throne,
Dear Lord remember me.

4. I own my guilt, I own I'm vile,
But thy salvation's free ;
In all thine own abounding grace,
Dear Lord Remember me.

5. Howe'er forsaken, or distress'd
Howe'er oppress'd I be ;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me !

6. And when I close mine eyes in death
And creature help all flee,
O thou my dear redeemer God,
I pray remember me.

7. I pray remember me,
I pray remember me,
O thou art my dear redeemer God,
I pray remember me.

SONG 16.

Tune of a closer walk.

THY love, my passions can control,
And fill me with thy light ;
Thou art the sunshine of my soul,
Without thee, all is night :
Come light divine and cheer my heart
With a delightful ray,

And bid these mournful shades depart,
O shine eternal day !

2. The fulness of those realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know ;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below ;
Now let my cheerful spirit sing,
Those mournful hours away ;
Let faith and love now try the wing,
And aim for endless day.

3. Jesus I love thy precious name,
'Tis music to mine ear ;
Had I but power, I'd sing so loud
That all the world should hear ;
I'll sing the glories of thy name
With my last quivering breath ;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
O what a glorious death !

SONG 17.

Gloomy death !

DEATH it is the king of terrors,
And a terror to all kings ;
Oft it fills our minds with horror,
Telling us of frightful things ;
Lands of darkness shades of silence,
Gloomy vaults where prisoners lie ;

How many thousands have I conquer'd,
And you alas, must die !

2. Do'nt you see how unexpected
In my chariot I do ride,
Convulsive fits of pain and sickness
Are the weapons by my side ;
Deaf I am to all intreaties,
When commission'd I must go,
With mortal paleness on my features,
Thus I give the fatal blow !

3. You never heard I spared any,
Children husbands or their wives ;
Neither am I brib'd by money,
Physic cannot save their lives,
Kingdoms, countries and their cities,
Kings, their counsellors, their slaves,
There's none of those I ever pitied ;
Soon I bring them to their graves !

4. There they lie without distinction,
These I boast my thousands slain ;
Nor can they without permission,
Ever hope to rise again ?
Stop O death don't boast of victory,
Methinks I hear what faith can say,
About one Jesus on Mount Calvary,
Who in the grave, he also lay.

5. View him rising, hear him saying,
I, O death have conquer'd you ;
Tho' your looks are so dismaying,
Yet, my saints, I'll bring them through :
Thus, the souls that are believing,
May rejoice in Christ their King
Death is no more than a black curtain,
Drawn to let my saints go in !

6. There, the wicked cease from troubling,
There the weary be at rest,
There, the saints do cease from travelling,
There they are divinely blest ;
Free'd from sickness, free'd from sorrow,
Free'd from anguish care and pain ;
No gloomy thoughts, nor dreadful horror,
E'er shall frighten them again !

7. There, the saints sing hallelujah,
And rejoice in Christ their King,
Ask the grave, where is thy victory,
And where's the boasting monster's sting ?
If sin be pardon'd thro' my Saviour,
Tho' the grave my flesh destroy ;
Death is the gate to endless pleasure,
The road to everlasting joy !

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